February 25, 1933

Collier's

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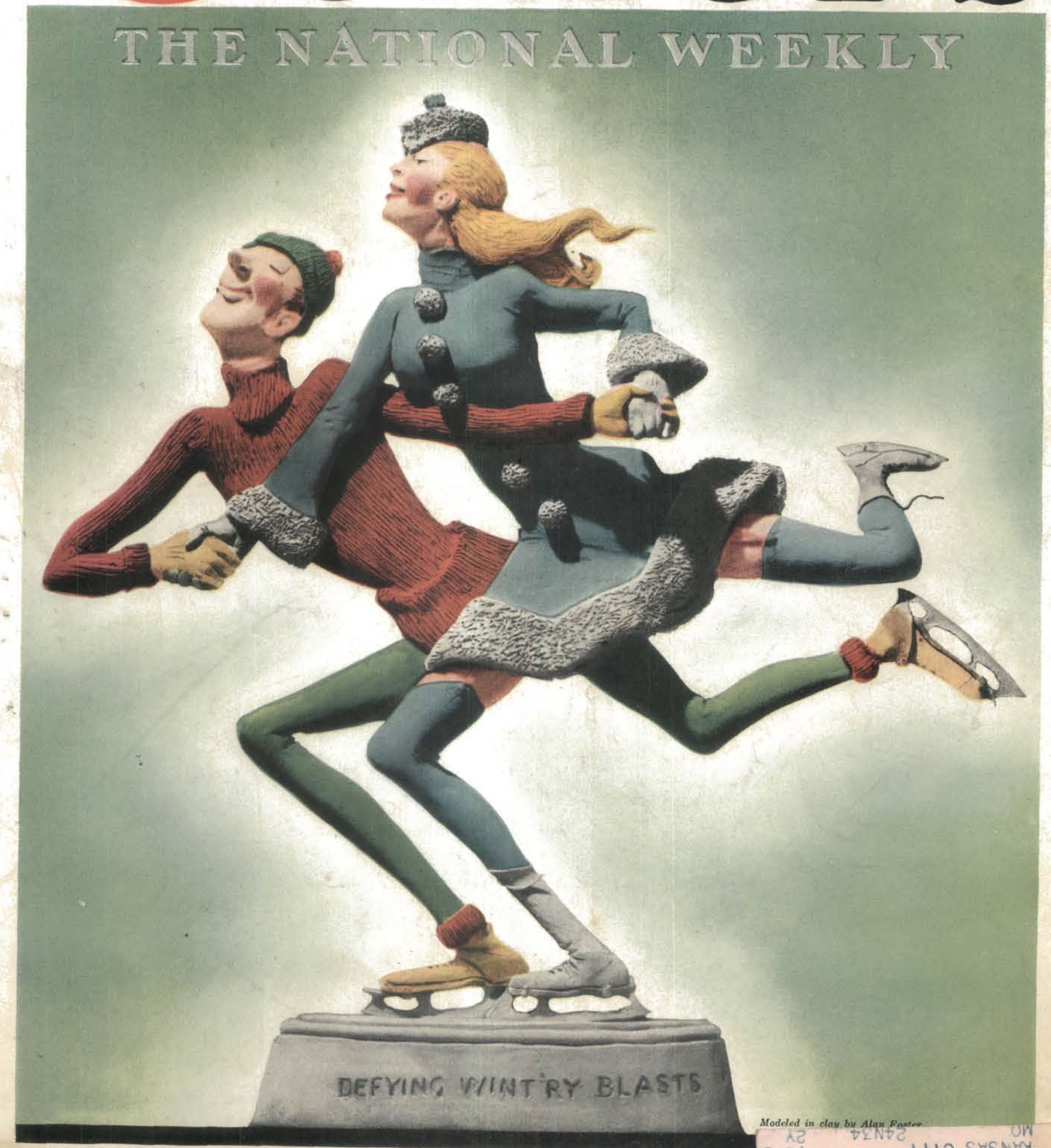
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Modeled in clay by Alan Foster

Who'll Pay the Jobless?—By Winst

MRS W HENDERSON
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EB. 25, 1933

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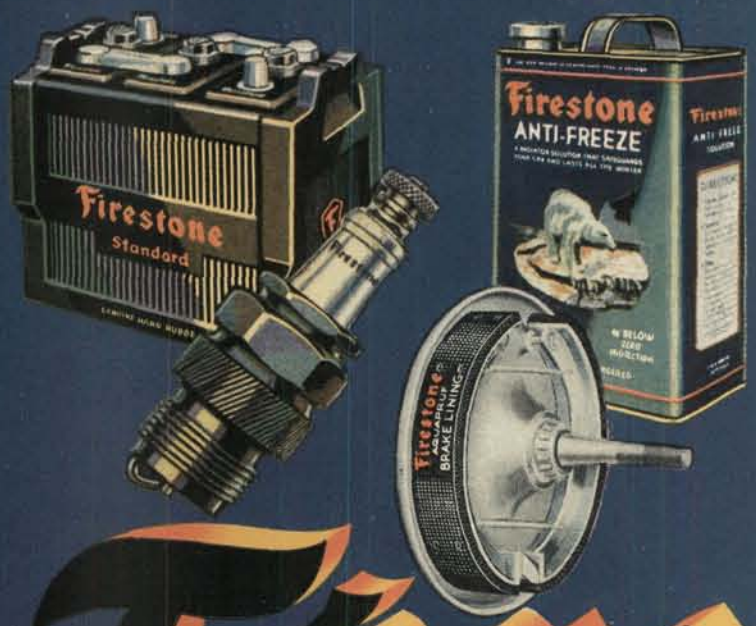
The Firestone Tread is designed with angles and projections to give the maximum traction and non-skid. Your brakes can stop your wheels, but your tires must stop your car.



First Choice FOR SAFETY AND ECONOMY

EVERY cotton fiber in the cord body of Firestone Tires is gum-dipped for *extra strength and long life*. Two Extra Gum-Dipped Cord Plies Under the Tread give a *stronger bond* between tread and cord body, and *greater protection against punctures and blowouts*. The Firestone tread is designed for silence — maximum safety and enduring wear.

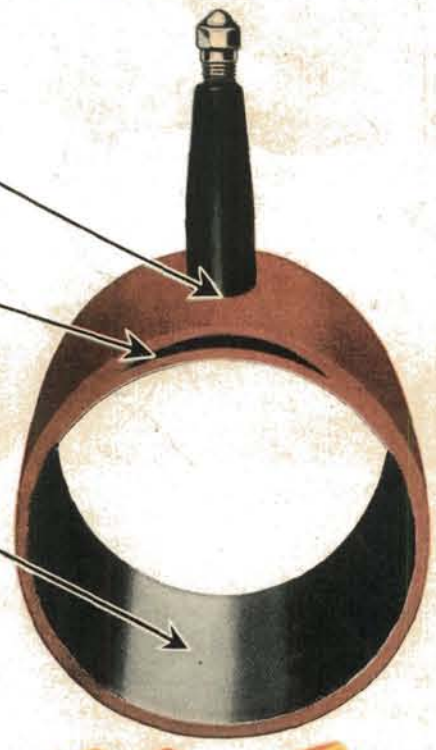
Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires hold all world's records on road and track for *safety, speed, mileage and endurance*. They are the *first choice* of drivers who risk their lives on their tires.

Call on the Firestone service dealer in your community today. The quality of any Firestone product — Tires, Batteries, Spark Plugs, Brake Lining, Anti-Freeze and Accessories, is unsurpassed; the price is unbelievably low.

[*Listen to the* **"Voice of Firestone"** *every Monday night over N.B.C. nationwide network*]

The new Firestone Sealtyte, Leakproof Tube is made with a tapered rubber valve stem, which seals the valve hole in the rim, keeping out moisture, oil, grease, and dirt. The black rubber valve base is an integral part of the rubber valve stem and is built and vulcanized into the tube—impossible with a metal valve stem.

The inside of this new tube is coated with a special composition which seals the minute pores against air leakage, insuring constant air pressure, so vital to tire safety and economy.



Firestone

TIRES · TUBES · BATTERIES · BRAKE LINING · SPARK PLUGS · RIMS · ACCESSORIES

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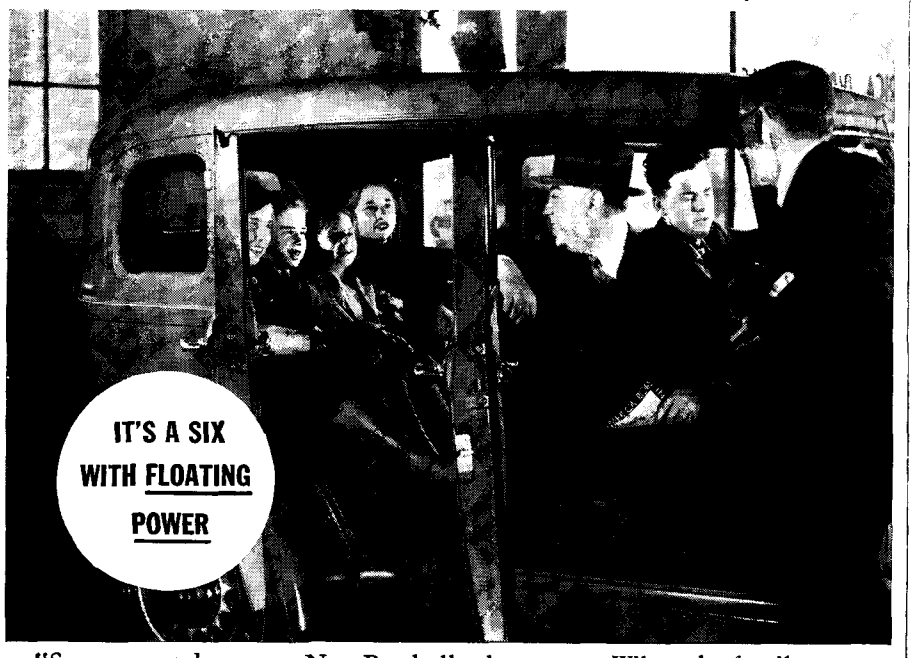
"You said it—we need a Big Car!"

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH
HARRY D. EDWARDS (ENGINEER)
76 PINE BROOK DRIVE,
LARCHMONT, NEW YORK.

"There's nothing I'd rather do than take my family riding . . . but with a gang the size of mine, somebody always had to stay home!"

"One day we saw a Plymouth ad. The kids said, 'That's a swell-looking car, Dad. Our bunch needs an automobile like that. Let's get one!'"



"So we went down to a New Rochelle showroom. When the family saw the car, I just *had* to buy it. But the price and trade-in made it easy."

"Now we're all happy. The car rides like a million dollars. Not a trace of vibration. I wouldn't buy *any* car without Floating Power."

"We picked Plymouth because it's so BIG in size . . . and value"

MAYBE you haven't got a big family like Harry D. Edwards, but you certainly want plenty of room in your car.

You can't have real riding comfort if you're cramped for space . . . or, for that matter, if you're being shaken up by vibration from the engine.

We find that people who want comfort . . . who want to relax . . . who want driving to be real fun . . . are picking Plymouth. Because it's a *full-sized* car . . . and because it's the only low-priced Six that is free of all vibration. Remember that Plymouth alone of "All Three" has Floating Power engine mountings!

What do people think of it? Ask Mr. Edwards. He's an engineer. He says: "In my opinion, any car is behind-the-times without Floating Power! Or, in fact, without Hydraulic Brakes or a safety-steel body! Every man with a family has to think of *safety* these days!"

So ask a dealer to give you a Floating Power ride in the new Plymouth. Ride in the other two low-priced cars. Then decide!

NEW PRICES—4-DOOR SEDAN NOW $90 LESS

Four-Door Sedan $545, Convertible Coupe $565, Rumble Seat Coupe $525, Business Coupe $495, all prices f.o.b. factory. Convenient terms. Low delivered prices. Safety-glass windshield. Closed cars wired for Radio. Automatic Clutch optional—$8!

PLYMOUTH SIX $495

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

MYSTERY has been a confirmed city dweller. You associate it with the presence of crowded humanity; you expect it in the fog-choked streets of Limehouse, in the bazaars of Delhi, in the squalid native quarters of Singapore. On the empty stretches of our Western prairies concealment is impossible; you would hardly look for mystery there. But—

When Horse Dunn of the 94 read sign on Short Creek, mystery came to the Red Hills country—mystery all the more baffling because it occurred in broad daylight on the open range. What Horse Dunn saw was evidence of murder, but there was no body—and the trail disappeared.

On the discovery of what had happened depended the existence of a great cattle kingdom. Guns blazed in lethal controversy. A great man faced the wolf ring of his enemies. And Billy Wheeler, prompted by love, found the solution.

Alan LeMay's brilliant new serial begins next week.

HAS the time come for a radical change in our form of government? Has civilization outgrown our democratic institutions and, under its own accelerated momentum, reached the breaking point? In other words, are the Technocrats right?

In an important and illuminating article Roger W. Babson analyzes our newest economic fad and shows you the fallacies of Technocracy. It is called, in sound and solemn warning, "Don't Let Them Kid You."

FAY KERRIGAN was a ginger-haired, insolent little argument against coeducation. That is Professor Thorne's own description and he ought to know: he is the one who was chiefly annoyed by her. He knew that she lacked character and intelligence and loyalty—he would have staked his reputation on that. And he would have been wrong. He tells you all about it in Brassil Fitzgerald's delightful love story, "Co-Eds Shouldn't Use Lipstick."

"HELLO, boys, the new Open champion has just arrived. Which one of you mugs will be second?" That's the flamboyant Mr. Hagen speaking and, incidentally, exemplifying the spirit of braggadocio which endears a champion to his fans. Bill Cunningham explains this important asset in "All or Nothing."

THE varied talents of Richard Connell, Don Marquis, John B. Kennedy, George Agnew Chamberlain, Freling Foster, Clinton W. Gilbert and E. Phillips Oppenheim are all brought together between one pair of covers. Sometimes we wonder how we do it.

This Week

February 25, 1933

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In Bullhide Canyon. Division among thieves. Page 12

DWIGHT MITCHELL WILEY
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FRELING FOSTER
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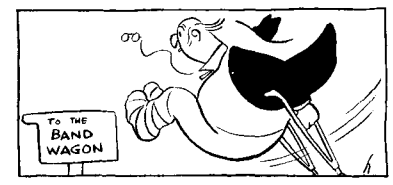
EDITORIAL
Our Capacity to Receive. Page 50

Any Week

MR. JOHN M. FERGUSON of Duluth, Minnesota, visited Washington recently. Among the various things that impressed him was the number of officeholders who limp. "Can it be," asked he, "that they have all hurt their legs and feet jumping on and leaping off the parade of economic and political bandwagons that fill the streets, all driven by howling lobbyists? It is getting so that a man doesn't know which way to jump."



FROM Mr. John Bush of Meridian, Mississippi, we receive word that Deputy Sheriffs Spencer and Dyer of Talladega are so sorry for the owner of fifteen gallons of liquor which they found near that town that they are advertising their find in the lost-and-found columns of the local paper without, oddly enough, success.

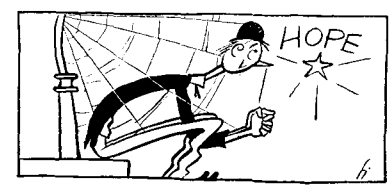
IT PROBABLY means nothing to you that Mr. Clarence Fortesque is dead. His passing has deprived a great cause of a diligent supporter and tireless worker. For many years Mr. Fortesque sat on the lecture platform at the right hand of the Reverend Abner J. Barnard of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Mr. Barnard is a crusader in the name of Temperance and for years Mr. Fortesque was his horrible example. Between them thousands of alcohol's slaves have been freed from awful bondage. As time passed, Mr. Fortesque grew to look less and less like a horrible example and more like the stalwart crusader he was. People began to long to resemble Mr. Fortesque. But now Mr. Fortesque is gone and Mr. Barnard seeks his successor to accompany him on his spring lecture tour. He turns to us for suggestions. But we, having been assured by our friend Bishop Cannon that the Eighteenth Amendment has been a demonstrable success, are forced to tell Mr. Barnard that Mr. Fortesque was probably the last of a vanishing race.

HERE'S Mr. Homer L. Spangler of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, accusing us of being reluctant to publish things we don't agree with. He thinks us far too one-sided. And the next letter is from Mrs. Florence Waggoner of Salt Lake City upbraiding us for not taking "one side and sticking to it." But we refuse to get mad until somebody accuses us of being "middle-of-the-road" people.

IT IS the opinion of Mr. C. M. Hyskell of Portland, Oregon, that the public is far too content to stand around hoping for economic recovery to the exclusion of real activity. Hope can be an anesthetic as well as a buoy. Moreover, he exhorts us to continue to "sock political shysters on the chin" and suggests that we follow Owen P. White's analysis of the Federal Land Banks with similar hard-boiled inspections of the Federal Farm Board, the Shipping Board, the Home Loan Bank and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. How, demands he, may a people "exercise their natural recuperative powers when they are smothered with all these emergency nostrums?"

WE ARE charged by Constable P. H. Brown of the British Columbia Provincial Police with the uncomfortable misdemeanor of getting our police mixed. In our recent article on the Doukhobors, who have been adding interest to life in western Canada, we gave credit to the Royal Canadian Mounted instead of the B. C. P. P. for the work of convincing the Douks that they should pay taxes, wear clothes and so forth. We were wrong. And we make these amends to Constable Brown and his associates. Grand lads.

AND Mr. L. E. Predmore of Grafton, Ohio, is getting pretty fed up with editorial "hopes that something will turn up. My hoper," continues he, "needs a new patch on the seat and a trimming of its frazzled edges. How's yours?"



WHATEVER your plans may be, hang on until our issue for March fourth is out. Be careful crossing streets. Don't catch cold. Stop worrying about Congress and Technocracy. Eat salads and drink plenty of water. For on the cover of that issue is a drawing by Mr. Scott Evans, advance copies of which have already provoked cries of joy and anguish. Mr. Burton Elton of Swanton, Ohio, hotly demands an enlarged copy that he may cherish it in a big way. But another gentleman condemns it as that which "is destroying the nation and anybody publishing it is a more debased traitor than Benedict Arnold." If we had room we'd tell you more, but you see how it is. Take care of yourself and trust Collier's.

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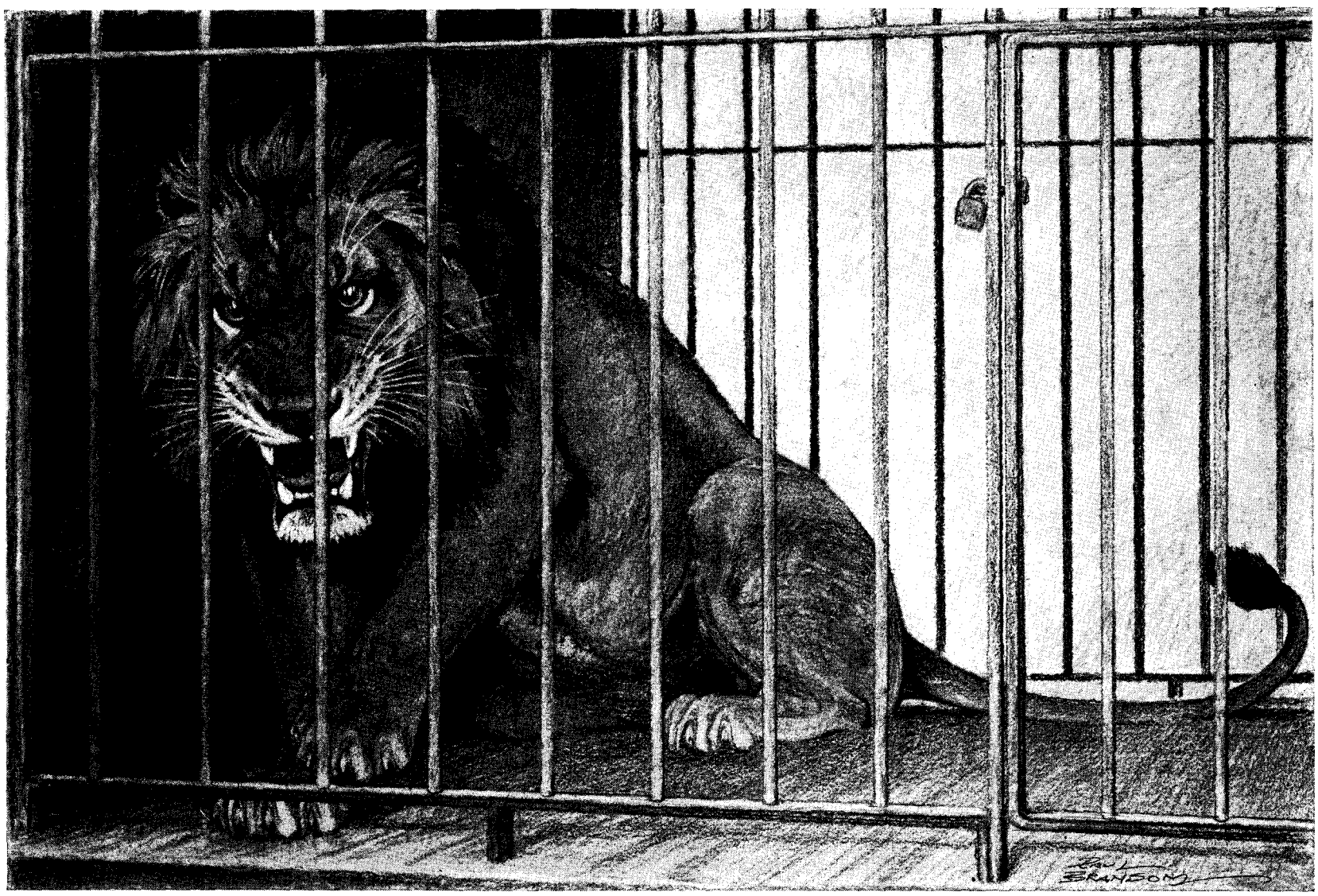
DIABETES—the Lion Caged

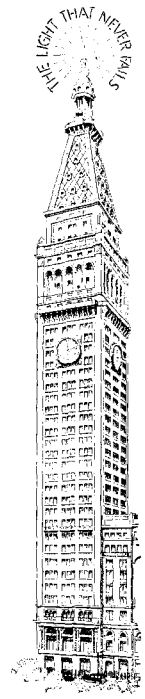


DIABETES, under control, might be likened to a safely caged lion. Out of control, it strikes with a lion's speed and crushing power.

The discovery of insulin and its application to the treatment of diabetes is one of the great triumphs of medical science. It has saved many thousands of lives.

Insulin has not only rescued children who would have been doomed without it, but it has enabled them to grow and to live the normal, healthy lives of their playfellows. It has lifted chronic diabetics out of the invalid class, making it possible for them to carry on industrious, useful careers.

Before this great discovery, a victim of diabetes was forced to adhere strictly to a wearing and often spirit-breaking diet—if he would live. Suffering from a constant and almost unbearable craving for rich food and sweets, he struggled to obey his doctor's orders—"No starches, no sugars." The dining room was a dreary place for a diabetic.



What a contrast between the old, half-starved, hopeless days and the present time when the majority of diabetics are allowed many of the things they like to eat. A goodly percentage of them will live out the expected span of life for their ages.

Diabetes is by far most frequent among overweight persons. It may be largely prevented by correct diet and proper exercise. New cases of diabetes appear with almost mathematical regularity—tens of thousands each year in this country. But a person who showed no trace of the disease last year and now finds unmistakable symptoms has little cause for anxiety. In all probability his case can be fully controlled by proper diet, exercise and the use of insulin.

Still a grave danger remains. Insulin has such a tonic effect on a diabetic that he sometimes makes the mistake of regarding himself as cured. He must be reminded that if he lets his lion, Diabetes, get out of control he runs a risk which may be fatal. As long as he keeps his lion caged he is safe.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ~ ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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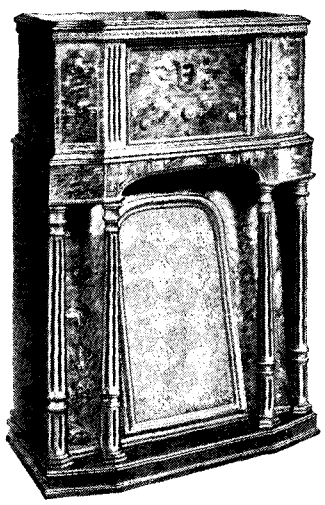
Change Stations Adjust Volume Control Tone WITHOUT MOVING FROM YOUR CHAIR!



The glorious tone of the PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board X Models is available also in these conventional cabinets.

15DX		$250
23X	Radio Phonograph	$195
15X	(Illustrated)	$150
91X		$100
43X	All Wave	$100
47X	Direct Current	$100
71X		$ 80

Prices Slightly Higher Denver and West

PHILCO-TRANSITONE AUTOMOBILE RADIO

A new and marvelous PHILCO engineering achievement. Just as true and clear as the PHILCO Radio in your home.

All-Electric (No Extra Batteries) $59.50 and $89.50—Complete and Installed.

Here's something really new in radio—PHILCO Lazy-X! A radio that you can listen to in absolute ease and comfort. A radio that doubles the number of stations and variety of programs you enjoy—by making it so easy to change from one to another.

PHILCO Electrical Remote Control is simple—convenient. From the beautiful Control Cabinet right beside your chair, you select the program you want and bring it in just as you want to hear it. You change stations—adjust volume—control tone by a mere flick of your finger.

All the glorious beauty of PHILCO tone—the tone quality only the patented inclined sounding board makes possible—comes to you at its best from the beautiful Sound Cabinet across the room.

Lazy-X is complete. No extras to buy. It is PHILCO'S supreme achievement in producing Balanced Unit Radio.

PHILCO offers the great, new Lazy-X in two models—both with electrical remote control—the superb 14 Lazy-X at $150—and a smaller 19 Lazy-X at $100 for those who do not require quite so much power and distance. The height of radio luxury at less than half the previous cost of mechanical remote control.

Lazy control with built-in speaker in the 19 Lazy-boy at $65.

See Lazy-X at the nearest PHILCO radio dealer's store or, better still, try Lazy-X for 2 or 3 days in your own home. Hear it. Buy it. Relax and enjoy the last word in radio performance and convenience.

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The PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board (Patented)

The Inclined Sounding Board preserves for you the sparkle and brilliance of the original performance. Brilliance lies in the high notes. High notes tend to travel in a straight line like a beam of light. Inclining the sounding board throws them up to your ears. Otherwise some of them would travel along the floor, never spread up to your ears, and you would receive something less brilliant than the original.

The large size of the Sounding Board brings you the low notes. Low notes spread out easily and it is not necessary to incline the sounding board to bring them up to your ears. But without inclining the sounding board, you would get a preponderance of lows and the reception would tend to sound "boomy".

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BOAKE CARTER—the newest sensation of the air waves—PHILCO'S news commentator and editorialist daily from Monday to Friday 7:45 P. M. (E. S. T.) over the following Columbia Stations, WABC, WNAC, WCAO, WGR, WBBM, KMBC, WCCO, WCAU, WJAS, KMOX, WJSV, WHK, CKOK, WHAS, WBT.

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Of Renault the Magnificent, and the woman who loved him, and the man who lost—

As a Gentleman Should

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

SHE sat at her desk in the Nurses' Office, the light shining on hair the color of beech leaves in November. On that mass of vivid lights and cloudy shadowings her cap rested like that of a nurse in a musical comedy. The eyes that matched the hair in color were bent on her notes.

"Mrs. Ames," she wrote, "temperature 103. . . . Countess de Gramont reacts unfavorably to medication. . . . Mr. Renault to be discharged today. . . ."

The newest of the student-nurses appeared in the doorway. As usual her cap was askew. "Mr. Renault," she reported emotionally, "is ready to go. He's in street clothes, and he looks marvelous. A brown suit and a brown tie —from Surka's, the tie looks like—and a flower in his buttonhole. A white flower—"

Suzanne Kerr, head nurse of the Third Private Floor, looked up with a head nurse's look. If in appearance she was something out of a picture book, her manner belonged strictly to reality.

"A flower," she said with the effect of a yawn. "It will come as a great shock to me unless you nurses send him out with a lei around his neck—like Hawaiian photographs."

Miss Cross met that with wistful eyes. "Wouldn't he look gorgeous in a lei—a pagan god?"

"A pagan god!" Miss Kerr had no words for that. Bleakly she drew a line like a small Alp from 99 to 103 on a temperature chart.

Miss Cross forgot she was addressing a superior, so intense was her distress. "I can't think why you're so down on him!" she burst out. "He hasn't murdered anyone lately, has he?"

MISS KERR slipped the chart back in its pigeonhole. "I'm not down on him," she said in her crisp yet lovely voice. "It merely bores me to hear how divine he is. It bores me to know that every nurse in the hospital is in love with him. And just to show how conclusively boredom has bitten into me, I'm not even interested in the color of the suit he is wearing out."

"And yet everybody is crazy about him," said Jessie Cross, suddenly beset by bitterness. "Everybody but you," she added in a queer, aching sort of way. She was a year younger than Miss Kerr and extremely plain and would probably be a nurse all her life.

"We need laparotomy stockings," said Miss Kerr. "And the new patient in 12 is to be prepared for lumbar puncture. Tell Miss Bristow about the stockings." She took down another chart. "Perhaps, now that the pagan god is leaving, we'll get some work done on the floor."

The junior nurse straightened her cap ineffectively and shuddered to think how devoid was the head of any feelings. But then heads didn't seem to have any feelings. At least none of the feelings they ought to have. Her next words were a dignified reproof: "Mr. Renault wishes to say good-by to you."

Miss Kerr rose, with the tidy, controlled grace that was habitual to her. "Here's Dr. Evans. We'll go in to Mr. Renault now. If that makes you feel better," she added in her casual way.

Dr. Barry Evans had come to make rounds. He read Miss Kerr's report. He didn't like Mrs. Ames' temperature. He said to discontinue the medication for the countess. "So Renault's all set? Let's barge in there first," he said.

Carl Renault did look well in brown tweeds. He was smoking a cigarette by the window and his pigskin bags were piled handsomely by the door. Merely standing still like that he managed to give the impression of being at the head of a triumphal procession. You couldn't imagine that outside the hospital walls there was an employer who could tell him what to do and when to do it. You would not think that he

They were abruptly lowered out of a rosy cloud. The porter in a blue peaked cap came in and Suzanne went back to the office

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was worried with sordid financial cares.

"Hello, Renault," said the interne. "Just dropped in with the *big* news — you're discharged." He gave the other man his slow, curious smile. "Something slipped," he explained, "and we cured you, but we'll hope to have you with us again."

"Thanks for all you've done," said Renault. "Glad to have you drop in at my quarters some day to bend the elbow."

"I'll try to do that." The hands of the two men met briefly. "You'll want to hear the last word about Room 9's appendix and how 14's ductless glands are progressing." He went hastily out, followed by Miss Kerr. Outside the door he regarded her meditatively. "You look pale," he observed. "Are they working you too hard?"

She shook her head as they progressed to Room 19. "No, the floor's been light all week."

THEY continued their rounds, alike impeccable in white starch and hospital manner. When they returned to the office Miss Kerr seemed paler than ever.

"This is a ridiculous life for you," said Barry Evans. He picked up the order book. "I suppose," he said, in his casual way, which was not as casual as it sounded if only Suzanne Kerr had been hearing truly, "you wouldn't change your mind—about marrying me?"

Suzanne Kerr ran her hand through the brightness of her hair. She looked exasperated.

"Don't bother to say it," Barry Evans told her. "You're fond of me, you admire my dogged devotion in the face of all discouragements. But that's awfully different from loving, isn't it?"

"I'm sorry . . ." Suzanne began and her voice went abruptly to silence.

He saw that she was about to cry. He saw everything, always. That was why the hospital regretted that he was through with his interneship, that he was leaving in a few weeks. They would miss this pleasant young man with the easy, detached ways who went quietly and humorously about his work and took immediately whatever action seemed to be called for.

Now he laid his hand on Miss Kerr's a moment. "Too much imagination, Suzanne," he said lightly. He shook her a little. "To each man his own peck of troubles, and you must learn not to get het up about the other fellow's." The shape of his mouth was again quiet and professional and the eyes under the straight brows looked at her calmly. "Don't let anything I've said worry you; that's the girl." He went away, swinging his stethoscope.

Miss Kerr stood by the desk, running her finger along the edge, looking after him. The telephone bell rang, announcing Mr. Renault's taxi, and Dr. Evans was as clean forgotten as if he had never existed. Composed, serene for all to see, Miss Kerr went down the hall to tell Mr. Renault that for him the hospital episode was over.

Carl Renault was sitting on his bed. The light behind him made his hair look like ridged brass. If his demeanor was a shade superior and condescending it was clear that he didn't remotely mean it. He was not really vain. It was simply his established habit of mind to expect women to fall at his feet.

Miss Kerr stood with her small chin up, with her hands clasping her order book tightly. In that building full of people being ill with steady earnestness, she looked absurdly beautiful, but did not appear to be conscious of it. "Your taxi is here," she said, from the door.

He looked up and grinned at her. "A beauty," he said. You would think his whole life was bound up in that X-ray

Illustrated by Henry Luhrs

"Thanks. Now I'll tool out to see can I fracture another leg."

Her calm was profound. "You should find that simple at seventy miles an hour."

"I'm content at sixty. I was doing less than that when the telegraph pole hit me this time."

"I'm making you a present of the extra ten. I imagine you'll make use of them."

HE WENT on looking at her. If certain tidings of great joy were being taken in by his eyes and forwarded to his brain nothing in his manner betrayed it. "Your manner with patients," he mused, "is delightful. Must be just the thing for those with fever—it would reduce temperature at once."

Miss Kerr adjusted the bandage scissors in her immaculate belt. "If you did not care for it at any time," she said, "my manner I mean, you could always have reported it to the supervisor."

She glanced at her wrist watch. "Well, good-by. I must not keep you, not with racing roadsters and telegraph poles waiting for you all over the earth."

He met that darkly. "You certainly hate your patients. I can't think how any of us get out alive."

She turned her cool, amber eyes on him. "We don't hate them," she explained, and her voice was as crisply sweet and light as frosted sugar. "We know they are necessary nuisances."

He stood up. He was young; he was handsome; he was nonchalant, and he was spoiled. Not used to having women cool to him. Not used to this strange excitement in his breast. He looked down at her in a suddenly unsmiling way and dragged his hands out of the pockets of his coat.

"I see," he said thoughtfully. And took her instantly and completely into his arms. His head bent toward her. She knew she must not kiss him back, must not and—she did. He held her tighter; and the room, the drugged scents and the drugged sounds of the hospital, all life but the moment between them, was blotted out.

There was a knock at the door and they were abruptly lowered out of a rosy cloud. The porter in a blue peaked cap came in and Suzanne went back to the office.

She sat at her desk. Jessie Cross hurried by with an armful of linen. An orderly pushed a wheel chair past the door. Carl Renault waited for the elevator. He made a long line against the light, which silhouetted the carved detail of his profile and dwelt on the beautifully cut, narrow mouth which managed to be humorous as well as selfish. He leaned against the shaft, thin ankles lazily crossed, his gray soft hat jammed on as though it were a part of him and not just an afterthought. Then the elevator door opened and took him in.

The elevator dropped out of sight.

The supervisor of nurses appeared in the door of the office. "How is the new operative case?" she wanted to know.

"Resting comfortably," said Suzanne, holding her head up, pressing her hand tight against the starch of her skirt, keeping her voice steady. "Dr. Evans was just in to see her," she said, standing without moving, as though moving were something foreign to her nature.

"He could quiet her, of course," said the supervisor. "She was raising Cain in the operating-room, and Dr. Evans was the only one that could calm her." She sighed. "That man is above rubies," she said. "I don't know what Medical Union will do without him. He's the only interne in the place that isn't thrilled with himself."

"He's a good doctor," said Suzanne.

"I PASSED Mr. Renault in the lobby," said the supervisor. She looked at Suzanne sharply. "I overheard the porter telling the elevator man that Renault was having a sentimental parting with someone up here. That wasn't you, Suzanne?"

"Am I given to sentimental partings?" She smiled.

"You aren't, thank the Lord," said the supervisor, comforted. "I wish all my nurses were like you." She rustled, bridled. "That Renault! It's a blessing he's gone. What women will do for a John Barrymore profile makes me boil. And that man is no good. Now I can breathe easier."

"The patients," said Suzanne, "are complaining about the soft-solids."

"Patients are always complaining about the soft-solids," said the supervisor, in her harassed voice. Complaining was the breath of life to patients. Best not to notice them.

A new patient appeared, accompanied by relatives. All that week new patients appeared. Life was made up entirely of emergencies and new diseases and urgent, practical necessities. Suzanne Kerr, looking more than ever like a nurse in musical comedy, more beautiful than ever as she grew paler, was as efficient as traffic lights, turning her patients to lefts and rights. The telephone rang incessantly, but she would let no one else answer it. She grew thin that week, for all the telephone messages were the wrong ones.

THE patients had visitors. They looked at Miss Kerr as though they could not believe her possible. "I think I'll get sick myself," the men told their bedridden friends. "It would be worth it."

"Try to make friends with *her*," they were advised, sardonically, "and you'll think someone has hit you with a brick."

"Have you ever heard anything from your pagan god?" asked Suzanne one day when Jessie Cross came into the office with her temperature list. Her voice seemed to herself completely normal. She stooped to pick up the fountain pen which she had dropped. She was dropping everything these days.

"*I* hear from him?" said Jessie Cross. "Why, no." The very mention of Carl Renault, though, had made her look younger, almost pretty.

"I just wondered," said Miss Kerr when she spoke again. And then she sat looking at the temperature list. Just sat and looked and said nothing.

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Her sudden interest apparently was gone. Gone, too, all color from her face.

That evening she went up on the roof after she was off duty. Barry Evans was there. He was like a ghost in his white ducks in the moonlight. They sat together looking out over the lights of the city. He watched her, his eyes deep-set and unsmiling.

"You should have a nerve tonic," he said, "and you need cacodylate of iron and a good rest."

"Iron!" said Miss Kerr. "Iron!" and her hands were clenched tight, doubled up against her heart. Her voice sounded like that of patients whose tears are so hard in their throat that they can't muster a full voice. "You think," she burst out all at once, "because you are a doctor you think and, since I am a nurse, I had begun to think that everything can be cured by medicine or surgery. You think that there is a prescription for all mankind—for sick people, for well people, for everybody. All the people who try and fail, who believe and—" She stopped for a second, as if surprised at herself, at her own articulateness—"who believe and are betrayed." Betrayed, such an odd word. Like a melodrama. She couldn't think what had put it into her head. Her eyes stared out as though she saw before her the broken fragments of things once lovely and delicate.

"THAT'S what hospital life does for us," she said bitterly. "It makes us stiff, hard, sort of—of unbending. We get so we have no fineness of feeling: we can't see anything but just bare facts."

"Facts are fairly important," he said quietly, striking a match for his pipe.

"There are other things," she said in a whisper.

"Possibly," he said, brutally practical.

"Look at us working here," she went on passionately. "Day after day going by; and we killing ourselves for strangers and nothing whatever happening. And however regularly nothing happens that is pleasant or lovely you just go on believing that tomorrow will be different. You work for the day ahead. I suppose that is the way things go and then some day you will be old and quiet and you won't care."

He didn't move, just went on putting his match to his pipe and drawing hard on it. And she had an impression that he was listening with his doctor's air of trying to look pleasantly interested and a little deaf.

Miss Kerr twisted in her wicker chair and locked her hands across her eyes. When she spoke her voice wasn't as clear as usual. It was muffled.

"Do you ever get sick of this life in the hospital, Barry?" it said.

"Occasionally, at moments," he answered. "But I think that's only a form of shirking and nothing can be gained by shirking. I assume that everyone gets tired of his job occasionally."

"Years and years of it," said Miss Kerr, looking at the night. "There's such a thing as love in the world, isn't there? You know, the sort of thing you read about in books and see in pictures. Not just marrying because it's the sensible and comfortable thing to do."

"What's got into you, Suzanne?" asked Barry Evans, drawing a deep breath.

"Nothing," said Suzanne. "Nothing." She looked at the Empire State Building thrusting its fiery finger up into the night. It was a lovely thing to look at. But frightening, too, in a way. It was somehow awful to think that it would be there a hundred years from now when you were—where? And other people, millions of people with a pain in the breast, would have looked at it, sitting quietly like this, across those years and years. She moved suddenly and leaned across and stared straight at Dr. Evans.

"Have you ever been in love, Barry? Really in love?"

Barry Evans' pipe had gone out again. He bit down on it tight now. He did not look at Miss Kerr. He got up and walked over to the parapet, well away from her, and lighted his pipe again. She could see his hands as they cupped the tiny flame. He dropped his match and stamped it out before he answered. He took his time.

"I MAY have been slightly touched in my time," he said finally.

"Touched!" She stood up suddenly, too, and clasped her hands high above her head and then down across her eyes. "You can't have a touch of it," she flared. "That word shows you have never loved anyone—not loved! You want to marry me. Why? Because I'd be a sane wife, and understand your work. You think we would just be good and dependable and kind all over the place. I won't have that. There's something that's a dream and yet is life, too. There are heights you can climb to! There's ecstasy and moonlight and your head swimming a little just because you look at another person!" She swallowed and pushed her hair back in her characteristic gesture. "There's listening to someone's voice that turns you hot and cold—" Suddenly she gave a sob.

Barry Evans' dark head did not move against the sky. He was sitting with his pipe in his hand regarding it in silence.

"Well, what's wrong?" said Suzanne, almost hysterically. "Why don't you say something?"

"What's the use?" said Dr. Evans. "You wouldn't want to hear it." Overhead the sky signs winced and twitched. One of them flared on his face. His eyes were calm and bright, and he was looking at her steadily. Against that firm and penetrating regard, her excitement, her defiance, punctured and crumpled up. She sank back in her chair again.

He said: "Perhaps I know a little of what you are talking about. I shouldn't wonder. Possibly I can imagine what it's like not to be able to bear to think of leaving the loveliness and the nearness of someone. The sound of her voice and even the rustle of her starched skirt. . . ." There was an undertone in his voice that occasionally a very ill patient heard. In a moment he got up and went over to her and put his hand on her shoulder. She reached up and laid her own hand on his.

"So that's it?" said Dr. Evans. "All shot to pieces over someone. Want to tell me about it?" he asked, as if inquiring about symptoms. He looked white in the moonlight and his mouth was set, as it was in the accident-room.

"There's nothing to tell," said Suzanne. "He doesn't even know. He doesn't remember that I'm alive."

SHE felt his other hand on her hair. He had nice hands. He was being kind. Kind in a way no one else had ever been kind. People made love to you but no one was really kind. . . . "Poor kid," he said at length.

He took his hand away from her shoulder and walked across the roof and came back. She couldn't see his face in the dark. "Why'd you have to go and fall in love with someone that made you unhappy, Suzanne?"

"I don't know," said Suzanne.

"You know, all right, Suzanne," said Barry Evans. The signs flickered. A fire siren sounded, distantly, softly.

It was one of those quiet nights in New York when all the world seems intent. When everything is beautiful — the lights and the towers and the sky back of them like a curtain. One of those nights when it is hard to think that ugliness exists. When the idea of being associated always with illness might seem full of fantastic horror.

"There are people in the world," said Suzanne slowly, "who seem like kings—you know, so high—so, so assured. Who don't know there's anything second-rate. Who'll have nothing at all unless it is the best—" She thought about that a while. "I can't put it in words but it's as though they made no concessions to the small things of life, to meanness and, and—everything."

"Sounds all right, Suzanne," said Barry Evans, steadily. He sat down again. "Why does he make you unhappy?"

(Continued on page 28)

"He doesn't even know," said Suzanne. "He doesn't remember that I'm alive"

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Who'll Pay the Jobless?

By Winston Churchill

"Everyone has food and shelter and the right to demand both." That is the net result of Great Britain's experiments with unemployment insurance. It has taken a long time, of course, and it began in a small way; but, says Mr. Churchill, who inaugurated the system, it is something to be proud of. Should we attempt the same thing? With England's experience as a background, the distinguished British statesman gives us his answer.

"WHY SHOULD NOT THE NATIONS JOIN

WHEN I traveled about the United States in the autumn of 1929 I heard no talk of unemployment. Everything was roaring away at full blast. Wages, profits, values, speculation were bounding up on one another's shoulders. There was work for all and wages never matched in history. I read a brilliant book, The American Omen, which seemed to prove that the human problem, so far as it concerned material prosperity, was in process of being solved.

Mass production was rising to the zenith of efficiency. The broad flood of consuming power sustained the greatest industrial plants at the highest level. Tens of millions of households found and enjoyed pleasures, conveniences, comforts and luxuries which working folk had never known before, and have had to forget since. The employers were basing their plans on paying very high wages to their men, and shortening their days of labor so as to give them leisure to consume the mighty outputs which science, organization and honest toil had brought. Managers of great factories and foundries explained to me the new need to have large parking spaces near the workshops for the ever multiplying motor cars of the artisans.

No talk of American unemployment then! There was only an air of genuine good-hearted sympathy and bewilderment at the British system of the dole. Everywhere I was asked with friendly anxiety how it was the British could tolerate such a scheme of organized pauperization. How could we imagine that it would not sap the moral fiber of our wage-earners? How could we expose them to temptation fatal to the self-reliance of the individual citizen?

To all of this I replied that old and successfully sheltered countries accumulated an excessive sediment of weakness and dependence in their populations; that a small overcrowded island could not offer the opportunities of a vast and as yet only partially developed continent; that we had been heavily stricken by the war; that, although there were abuses and unsound features in our system of unemployment insurance, nevertheless we could not have got through the post-war troubles without it; that the dole was mainly paid for by the weekly subscriptions of the workpeople, and that it was not charity or pauperization but state-aided thrift and foresight. I also said that we had brought the magic of averages to the rescue of the millions. But all these remarks left my courteous hosts and questioners unconvinced and uneasy. They could not understand how we could take such a scandal as the dole with so much equanimity and—though they were too polite to say the word—complacency.

Acme

Winston Churchill and Alfred E. Smith

A Changed American Scene

They thanked the God who made the Stars and Stripes that neither the disease of unemployment nor the poison of the dole had afflicted their brave, new world. "Here there is work with good wages for all who really want it. The man must be a bad citizen, a defective, or singularly unlucky if he cannot make good amid all the opportunities which the free and varied life of the United States offers in generous profusion."

Very different were the scene and the mood when I visited the great cities of the Union in January and February of 1932. Unemployment and the means of coping with it were no longer Old World troubles or blunders. No one could pretend that the millions of workless men were workless through their own shortcomings. All forms of pauperization were no doubt unhealthy, but in a Christian state no one could be allowed to starve. Five or six millions of persons —perhaps there were more—were said to be without employment. A large proportion of them had proved by their former life their zeal and capacity for useful service. They had to be looked after. The need for action gaped with widespread jaws; and Charity, spontaneous or induced, advanced—none too confidently—to fill the gap.

The effort has been splendid and wonderful. Continuous sacrifices have been made, not only by wealthy Americans, but by great masses of people, themselves in difficult circumstances, to help their poorer brethren through the bad times which our own human stupidities are inflicting upon ourselves. The virtues of comradeship and neighborliness have been displayed in the United States upon a giant scale, but the evil and the burden have been supergiants.

One of the privileges of going on a lecture tour is that, when traveling in every state, one has to meet the cleverest interviewers of all the newspapers and often the leading responsible figures in state and municipal life. Everywhere I was questioned about unemployment and how to deal with it. Indeed, this was the regular topic raised with me by the most intelligent, keen-eyed men.

The Uncertainties of Charity

In return I asked how the difficulty was being met. It was explained to me in a score of great centers that a tremendous attempt was on foot to carry the burden through individual and local charity. When munificence and generosity were exhausted, public opinion exerted its force. Immense funds were raised; but faster than the money poured in, so grew the plague, and the ever increasing pressure brought methods of its own.

"In this city" (it shall be nameless), said one of its high authorities to me, "we have raised a community fund of many millions of dollars; but it is now exhausted, and we have all become much poorer as the months have gone past. The depression continues, and we must make another still greater effort with resources which are woefully depleted and constantly diminishing."

"Do you have much difficulty in collecting subscriptions?"

"People are very good," he replied, "and no one likes to be a shirker."

"Still," I persisted, "you do at times have laggards?"

"We certainly do," he admitted. "There are many who fail in their civic duty."

"What do you do with them?" I asked inquisitively. "Do you ban them from your houses; do you cut them at the clubs, or boycott their businesses, or how do you bring them up to the scratch?"

"Perhaps," he replied, "there are states or cities where these things are done; but here we study every individ-

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Drawing by George Howe

TOGETHER TO REVIVE PROSPERITY?"

ual case of shirking and we send people to talk to them who are in a position to influence their conduct. For instance, sometimes it is the manager of the bank where our laggard friend has an overdraft; sometimes it is his principal customer. Sometimes it is a social friend. We find that by careful picking out of the right men for each job we can usually make all but the most stubborn play the game."

"What happens to the most stubborn?" I persevered.

"Well, they get off."

Now, I frankly say as an Englishman that I like our own system better than this. Here in Great Britain not only wealth but moderate and even slender means are taxed and rated far higher than anywhere else in the world. But when you have paid your tax and your rate according to schedule, that is the end of it. You may do more if you like, and so much more will be your reward in heaven; but no one can knock at your front door and cross your threshold to compel or coerce your charity.

A Duty You Cannot Dodge

The law says what you are to pay and takes with impartial talons the uttermost farthing that is its due. But no private person would dare or dream of daring to put the slightest minatory pressure upon his neighbor to make a so-called voluntary subscription. We think in England very highly of the virtue of charity, and much of it is secret, as the Bible recommends. But if one likes to be "a selfish cuss" with what one has left after the law has taken its impersonal toll, that is one of the inherent rights of British freedom. The money has to be found; but according to our ideas it is better to be taxed than sponged upon.

The story of British unemployment insurance can be briefly told. In 1908, when I was president of the Board of Trade, it was seen that there were certain trades which suffered from seasonal and cyclical depressions, and it was thought wise to encourage provision against these bad spells by state-aided obligatory deductions from the workman's wages. I framed this scheme and unfolded it to Parliament in the same year as I set up the network of labor exchanges which plays so large a part in our industrial life.

There was no doubt that far better security and better terms could be secured for the working people on these lines than by private thrift. From this beginning grew the enormous development of the present day. The war disorganized everything; after the war, unemployment, which had long been endemic, became epidemic. It ranged around the million figure. Up to this point there had been no pauperization. The unemployed workman only received the actuarial fruits of his and his mates' contributions plus those of the State and his employer. But the terrible industrial and social pressures of the aftermath led to wide departures from this sound principle.

Practically all workmen (except agricultural laborers and domestic servants) and many classes of women were included, trade after trade, in the insurance scheme, and pooled their weekly contributions in one common insurance fund. Presently, as the evil did not abate, large numbers of workpeople were so long unemployed that they used up all the "benefit," *i. e.*, the allowances to which they were entitled.

Parliament then departed from the salutary basis which had governed the original scheme and allowed men to draw benefit, even though they were no longer qualified by the amount of their subscriptions. This was defended as a mere emergency measure to meet what everyone hoped and believed was a passing strain. For ten years, from 1919 to 1929, the insurance fund proved strong enough to carry all the enormous weight cast upon it. The men at work and their employers paid the great bulk of the cost of keeping their mates who were out. The State contribution did not exceed one third of the expenditure, and the borrowing powers of the fund amounted to thirty millions, which up to this point seemed adequate.

I assert, in spite of abuses which have crept in, that at any rate till 1928 British unemployment insurance was incomparably the best bargain open both for the State and for the workmen. But with the great world depression, which, unless relieved by wise, resolute, far-reaching, concerted international action, may easily shatter the existing civilization of the globe, the landscape darkened. The grim total of the workless rose to around two millions and then higher still.

The Land Where Nobody Starves

It then became an obvious injustice to tax the weekly wages of the large majority of workmen, half of whom (and those the best) were hardly ever out of work, in order to support the growing numbers who were coming on to the fund, and for whom no fresh work was in sight. It was perilous finance for the insurance fund to go on borrowing far beyond its means in order to meet what was evidently no longer a transient calamity, but a fell and long-lasting disease.

By strong and robust exertions the whole system has now been restored to a proper footing. All workmen still continue to contribute compulsorily to the insurance fund and draw the benefits which are their due. The burden of carrying those workless who have failed to pay their contributions has been wholly assumed by the national exchequer. These uninsured workless are provided with the same benefits as the insured, but only after proving their actual need before the public Assistance Committee.

This division between those who have paid for their benefits and those who have not has involved what is called the "Means Test." We are fortunate to have a government strong enough to enforce so unpopular but so necessary a measure. Persons without work in Great Britain fall therefore into two classes: Either they draw, without question or reproach, the benefits for which they have paid their premiums, or they obtain the same benefits after satisfying a public authority of their need. There are a little over a million unemployed in each category, out of about thirteen millions of insured persons.

But beneath all the structure of unployment insurance and quasi-insurance lies what it called the Poor Law, dating from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. By this the responsibility is thrown upon the parish to relieve distress and indigence in its district. The original parishes have, of course, been merged in wider areas, but the duty to maintain all poor and helpless persons is enforced upon the local authorities by law, and they have the power to levy taxes accordingly. Thus in our small and highly centralized island no man or woman can remain unprovided with the necessaries of life. Even if they are not included in either branch of the insurance scheme, they can fall back upon the Poor Law.

The cost to the national exchequer in sustaining the insurance scheme this year may well be £85,000,000. The additional cost of the Poor Law is not less than £15,000,000. One hundred million pounds sterling—a sum equal to the cost of our army, navy and air force—are now being provided annually out of rates and taxes to mitigate the distress of these devastating times. The burden is borne with good will by the taxpayers and is enforced with vigor by the tax collectors.

There is therefore no excuse for what are called "hunger marches." Two thousand persons were recently made to march to London. They might have been anger marchers, but they were certainly not hunger marchers. No one need have marched farther than the few miles to the nearest relieving officer.

In fact, although the well-to-do classes throughout Great Britain are bowed beneath their unparalleled load, there is no serious material distress in any part of the country. Everyone has food and shelter and the right to demand both. The key index to the condition of the masses in Great Britain is the consumption of tea and sugar. This consumption has hardly been reduced at all during these disastrous years. We think that, although there is much to be sorry for, there is also something to be proud of in all this.

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Four well-armed, desperate men on the loose, and Sheriff McQuestion on the trail—

In Bullhide Canyon

By Ernest Haycox

Yuma cried out, a terrified and arresting cry

IT WAS another of those chases that wore badly on man and beast alike. At dusk of this desert eve—deep cobalt shadows running like water across the earth—Matt McQuestion halted his posse out in the wastelands and trained a severely blue glance against the masses of Bullhide Range twenty miles to the north. All those turret peaks and high black surfaces were fading behind the mysterious quality of night; full dark closed in even as he watched for some sign of Luke Daunnt and Luke's three henchmen—a dense dark, little relieved by the crystal brilliance of the stars above. Seeing it so, McQuestion turned in his seat and spoke to the ten vague forms behind:

"Swing straight east here and keep going. Camp twelve or fifteen miles away. When the sun comes up run north again, skirtin' the base of the range." And after a while his gently decisive voice added, "The idea is to raise dust yonder that Luke and his friends will see from the high ground on Bullhide. They'll judge we've missed the trail altogether."

One drowsy voice said: "Where'll you be, Sher'ff?"

"I'll continue this trail."

"When'll we be meetin' you?"

"Leave that to me," replied McQuestion and waited for the boys to go. There was more talk and a little show of resistance which he quelled with a slow "Hit the grit, now." Muffled protests drifted across the black as they filed away. McQuestion set his horse to a sedate canter along the original trail, chuckling softly to himself and feeling at once a greater freedom of movement. He had been trying to get rid of the posse for two days. It had worried and fretted him, as all posses worried this gray old lone wolf who had led perhaps a hundred of them on the heels of one renegade or another. Inevitably they were composed of energetic young men out to make a holiday affair of something they knew nothing about.

"Sprawlin' all over the landscape like puppy dogs," he reflected. "Now that the distance is narrowin' down, one of those lads would rove too far aside and get killed, which only makes the record of disaster so much the worse. I've seen it happen before. Man-huntin' is for an old sinner like me who knows what the other sinner is goin' to do and can beat him to the doin' of it."

THE frame of mind presently astonished him, and it came to him that he was getting old. In other days sudden death had seemed of less consequence. Now it filled him with a deep regret; and those boys he had sent away were too young to die at the hands of Luke Daunnt. It took age to discern that youth was a precious, irreplaceable thing. Meanwhile, a deep arroyo advanced out of the night and he dismounted in it to build up a little fire of sage stems, over which he boiled his coffee in a tomato can. Coffee and a dry bacon sandwich made his supper. Afterwards he pulled a ragged slip of paper from a pocket and smoothed its surface against his boot. He had read this note from Sheriff Till Tayloe of the adjoining county before but he read it again with that patient inquisitiveness which seeks a deeper and deeper meaning:

"MATT: No sleep for sixteen hours and this written while somebody holds a match over me. Party of five came into Rainwater last evening and hit the bank as Colonel Gooch and his cashier was about to close. Cashier folded like a lily but Gooch was a woolly bear and they killed him cold when he reached. We dropped a kid with a thumb missing. Others got off though we saw one shiver from a direct hit. Lost the trail two, three times. On it now but don't know which way it's going. Chances are they'll come your way. If so, I'll be with you in ten hours. Meanwhile, get your lads in action. These fellows all unknown to me. In haste.

"TILL TAYLOE."

"BUT not unknown to me," mused McQuestion; replacing the note. "The kid with the missing finger was Bud Malloy and that spots the others. Bud got under Luke Daunnt's bad influence two years ago. So it is Luke in front of me, and Luke's party is Earl Shaneways, Slash Bill Evans and Yuma the half Navajo. Not an ounce of mercy in any. It's a wonder they didn't kill the cashier on principle."

Cross-legged before the waning fire, Matt McQuestion's slim military body revealed no fatigue. Nor did his face, which had little on it to reveal the thirty years of his hunting profession; it was a smooth, rather studious face and would have seemed clerkly save for the long sweep of jawbones. Underneath silvered brows that were like veritable awnings was a pair of faded blue eyes now abruptly hardened from thought; below a neat and grizzled mustache his lips made a firm, long line.

"No mercy in any of 'em," he repeated slowly. "And I can't have another killin'. This job's got to be finished completely."

Rising then, he stamped out the remnant of fire and got to his horse. Beyond the arroyo he settled to another deliberate pace, heading straight north once more without haste. There was never any need of haste. Over a hundred trails and across the years he had learned that. Long, long ago a wise man had written the fate of the transgressor in the Book of books—and Matt McQuestion had seen the inexorable sentence work out too often to doubt it. So, cantering under the starlight, soothed by this loneliness that he understood and loved so well, he came against the suggested weight of the Bullhide parapets about midnight. One slight roll of earth lifted him toward the more distinct presence of the rugged hills. The scent of a risen dust was in the air.

"They've been tarryin' for somethin'," he observed to himself.

But a little later he lost the smell of that dust and back-tracked to meet it again. The fresher trail took him along a corridor with heightening sides; then the dust smell died utterly and a slow stream of wind washed across his face. Suddenly he was confronted by a vast doorway in those sheer walls striking up to the sky. Bullhide had its canyon, of which this grim aperture was the mouth.

"They've gone in here," he muttered, a little surprised, "instead of takin' the high ground. Odd. I wouldn't of done it. Eight miles to the first side trail out of this trap. Thirty miles to the end."

Halted, he was thinking now as those four outlaws would be thinking. He placed himself in their shoes, assumed their fears and their animal instincts. And an unaccustomed hardness of temper came to this wise old steward as he thought of those wild ones disturbing the peace of his county, rousing the blood lusts of the youngsters.

"It's got to end," he murmured. "Luke and me have outlived our time. West ain't as wild as it used to be and the rule of quickest gun is going out, thank God. But Luke doesn't know it. He's a relic of a wilder West and he walks among ghosts, same as me. But it won't do—it won't do. I don't propose to let the wolf call ring across Bullhide again. Well, I'm an old hound dog that's been snoozin' in front of a comfortable fire. Wonder if I've still got a nose for scent."

THE delay was only of a few moments' duration, yet in that length of time he had reverted to a state of mind at once keen, cold and unsentimental. He was now a hunter, nothing else. Turning, he retreated from the canyon's mouth, attained the gentle rolls beside it and rode through the dripping dark until the dull shadowy scar of a fault appeared in the sheer face of Bullhide. That fault lifted him sharply five hundred feet and brought him by quick turns to the canyon's margin. Listening there a little while, he heard nothing of consequence; and for that matter expected nothing. The canyon buried its own sounds and there was only the steady rolling of wind through it. In this sightless night was a trail along the rim which he took with full confidence in his horse and his own ancient knowledge. Eight miles onward he paused, under-

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John Gannam

that caught the instant attention of the others. Yuma rolled from the saddle

standing that at this point a trail broke downward by precipitous degrees to the canyon's bottom. This was the first exit. If Luke Daunnt was in a hurry to leave the Bullhide gorge behind him, here was the probable point of departure.

HE FLATTENED on the trail, lighted a match and discovered no recent imprint. Rising up then, his mind harked back to that accumulated experience of outlawry. "Better for my purpose," he said quietly to himself, "if they stay in the canyon a while. There they are, with the money of the bank between them, full of jealousy and suspicion. It will work out as it always works out."

So he built a fire, a strong fire, on the very edge of the chasm; and stayed long enough to see its flames ravel up into the sky like a signal flare. Afterwards he mounted and traveled onward, deeper into this avoided and forgotten land, unhurried because he knew there was no need to hurry.

Three miles inside Bullhide, Daunnt and his men had crossed a shallow, evaporating creek that ran down the gorge, and had sheltered themselves in a recess bored out by a one-time charging current. Firelight stained the rock walls the color of blood. Yuma the half Navajo sat away from the light, his moon-round cheeks inscrutable; Slash Bill Evans, thin and long and taciturn, crouched on his heels, palms spread against the heat; and Luke Daunnt stood massively upright, bold face bent toward Earl Shaneways, who lay there on the gravel dying.

Shaneways was dying and he knew it. He knew, too, that not one of those other three cared. They watched him indifferently, almost as if they despised him for the delay he caused them—so silently that the ticking of his watch made a distinct sound. His cheeks were lank and drained, his lips curled from the clawing pain of that bullet hole placed in him in the fusillade at Rainwater.

KNEES drawn up against his chest, he stared at Luke Daunnt with eyes sprung wide—that full glance of human terror preceding death. And he said, slowly, between his teeth:

"Do something about it, Luke."

"You're goin'?" grunted Daunnt and showed an interest that was like a spectator's curiosity.

"Do something about it!" strained Shaneways.

"Nothin' to do," said Daunnt and kicked the fire with a booted toe.

"No, I guess not," said Shaneways and locked his muscles against a long spasm. A wave of pallor passed across his face, a beaded sweat spread over his forehead. "By God, I wish I had the last week back again!"

Slash Bill Evans leaned forward and put two fingers on the dying man's neck, then looked significantly to Daunnt. Shaneways caught the telltale expression and he said bitterly: "I'll die in my own style. Don't try to hurry me."

"What are you regrettin' most?" asked Daunnt with that same strange interest.

"Something—a long time ago," said Shaneways faintly and sank to a seeming stupor. The other three exchanged glances. Daunnt began talking with a stark indifference toward the man flat on the gravel: "He may go next minute or he may hang on for a day. No use waitin' it out."

"Just so," agreed Slash Bill Evans and turned toward Yuma. Yuma only nodded.

"All right," said Daunnt abruptly, "we'll go."

Slash Bill Evans got up and had to bend his neck against the tunnel's top. He was a thin figure throughout and the pointed features had a close, hungry look about them. He caught Daunnt with a swift word: "Wait a minute. The money divides three ways now instead of four."

DAUNNT swung and stared. "Yeah," he muttered.

Yuma pulled his stocky body upright, came from the rear of the tunnel. "Divide it here."

"No," contradicted Daunnt, "I'll carry it till we've got more time." But some new thought glimmered in the dull eyes of the man and he cast a swift look at Slash Bill Evans, whose own narrowed glance contained a veiled comprehension. Daunnt said, "Come on, we're losin' time," and started out. Neither he nor Slash Bill Evans looked again at the dying Shaneways. Only Yuma turned at the tunnel's mouth, gazing down with a luminous pity, shaking his head. Shaneway's eyes were open, watching with a clear awareness. Yuma raised one hand, palm turned upward. "So long, Earl," he murmured. All the answer he got was a black and despairing flash of rage. At that, Yuma went out.

"Leave his horse," said Daunnt. "It's no good to us. Now we better bust it harder."

They crossed the creek and aimed into the deeper reaches of the gorge. The walls were looming suggestions rather than visible realities, but there was the feel of an increasing height above them and of a widening floor here below. Half a mile onward they crossed the creek again, the water deeper.

"You know this thing pretty well?" inquired Slash Bill.

"So-so," said Daunnt.

"Find a trail and get out of it," said Slash Bill. "It's a trap."

"It's the quickest way into the part of the hills we want to reach," answered Daunnt.

The canyon curled sharply to the left and afterwards took another abrupt turn to the right. They made two more fords of the meandering stream, the water curling higher about the horses' feet. Slash Bill fell to swearing through the utter dark:

"Hell of a lot of water all of a sudden. It was only an inch deep in the lower end. Where's it go to?"

"Sinks in the gravel fast," said Daunnt.

"Look," called the trailing Yuma.

They came around the reverse bend suddenly, and halted. McQuestion's fire leaped against the night, far overhead.

"Posse!" yelled Slash Bill. "I told you this was a trap! Now where's the first trail up the other side? We've got to get out of here!"

LUKE DAUNNT sat silent, watching the fire until the restless Slash Bill began to grumble afresh. Then Daunnt broke in calmly: "Don't worry. What d'you suppose that fire's there for?"

"Signal to somebody near at hand."

"It's put there for us to see," reflected Daunnt. "To scare us up the other side. Into somebody's gun. We'll keep on as we are. And we'll beat 'em to the end."

Then, hours later, just before the dawn, they came upon a milk-white path of water across the whole width of the canyon—water which beat against the opposite walls, swung and raced along the foot of it.

"Why," grunted Daunnt, surprised, "this thing was only a little crick last summer. Where's the nearest trail out?"

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The Life Guard's Bride

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

The story of a young man in love who wouldn't take yes for an answer

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

IT WAS on a low Monday late in November, 1931, that things began to happen to Bill Pearson. Bill was in bed when the wire came and meant to stay there where he could groan in peace and wait for Time, the Great Healer, to make his head stop aching. Howie Pell, his roommate, thrust the thing at him and Bill said, "Go away," and groaned.

"But it's a telegram," said Howie; "I thought it was a telegram the minute I saw the boy's cap and the window envelope. It's for you, Bill. Probably something horrible has happened. Maybe the shock will be too much for you. Go on and read it, Bill."

Bill read it—because if he didn't Howie would keep this up for hours—and groaned again and said, "I've got to go to New York and if I lift my head it will fall off and roll under the bed."

"The trouble with you football players is you get soft," Howie said. "All you do all fall is run around and tackle people and take big breaths and cold showers and—"

"Shut up," Bill groaned.

"And get soft," Howie said. "Along comes the end of the season and you have to break training, and where are you? Soft. You can't even take thirty or forty drinks for dear old Alma Mater without getting a headache. What do you have to go to New York for?"

"About money, I suppose," Bill said. "How much aspirin have I had?"

"Hardly a handful," Howie said. "You're soft, that's all. It comes from exercise and simple foods and sleep. It makes you flabby. It isn't anything dismal about finances, is it?"

"I wouldn't care right now," Bill said. "I'll have to get the twelve-fifteen."

"I'll get some stretcher-bearers," Howie promised.

IT WAS stuffy in old man Terry's office in New York and Bill's head ached and he sat there endlessly while old man Terry droned interminable words at him. There were papers, too, and stock certificates and tax reports and estimates and figures, long, exhausting columns of them, and the droning voice went on explaining them till Bill said:

"Just how much *is* practically nothing, Mr. Terry?"

Terry started in again, involved and unendurable, and Bill said: "Please! I'm not criticizing, Mr. Terry. If it's gone it's gone. You said that there was practically nothing. How much *is* that? Fifty dollars? Fifty thousand? How much?"

The next day Bill went back to Princeton. He sat there in their room, at the window, a long time before he started to pack up, but he was stuffing a stack of shirts into a drawer of his trunk when Howie came in.

"Going somewhere?" Howie asked. "Or just practicing?"

"Going," Bill said. "You'll have to get another roommate, Howie."

"I'd been thinking of it," Howie said. "You mean you're leaving school?"

"Good Lord, yes," Bill said. "Start separating neckties and things, will you?"

"Look here, Bill," Howie said. "You're not being a patoot or anything, are you? I mean did anything happen in New York about money or anything?"

"Plenty," Bill said. "My uncle in England finally died. I don't get the title but he kicked in with a million pounds or so."

"Of what?" asked Howie. "Look here, Bill, if it's money—"

"That's mine you're wearing, too," Bill said. "Let's see your socks, too."

BILL stopped in Princeton two months later, driving south in January. He felt pretty licked by then; he felt that if he hung on any longer, trying for a job, he'd start to crack, and so he bought a car for sixty dollars and he headed south for what might happen. It was a big mistake to stop in Princeton, as he knew it would be, but he had a coonskin coat he thought he might kid Howie into buying.

Bill found Howie in bed as he knew he would, at eight o'clock, and Howie said:

"Wait a minute, don't tell me; I never forget a face. You're Mahatma McNamee."

"I'm on my way south," Bill said. "I thought I'd loaf around Palm Beach a month or so."

"Nice of you to stop and tell me," Howie said.

"The idea is I won't need this stylish coonskin coat," Bill said. "I thought maybe you'd like to have it. For a nominal amount."

"What would I do in a coonskin coat?" asked Howie.

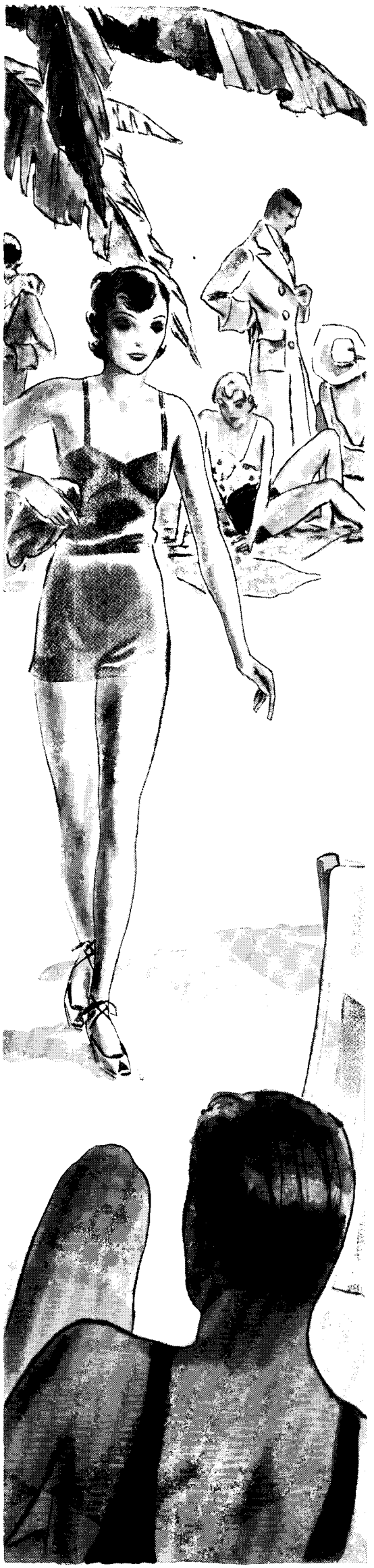
"I don't know," Bill said. "What would you do in a coonskin coat, Howie?"

"You should have stopped in New Haven," Howie said, "and sold it to a college boy."

"It's practical as well as stylish," Bill said. "Look. Sleeves and everything. How's fifty bucks?"

Howie looked at Bill a long time and Bill grinned and knew he'd been right about its being a mistake to stop in Princeton.

"Look, Bill," Howie began.



"I guess you didn't hear me when I tried to introduce myself," she said

"On second thought," Bill said, "I guess I'll give it to my chauffeur."

"Look, Bill," Howie said again. "Now listen— Hey, where you *going*?"

"Meet you at the Inn in half an hour," Bill said.

But half an hour later he was twelve miles farther south.

AFTER Bill had passed Richmond he began to get a kick out of beating winter in a glued-together car with ninety dollars in his pocket. It became a sort of game, with every mile south rolling up his score. Down through the rest of Virginia and in North Carolina he would look for everything that looked different and southern and get a kick out of it. He would get out at gas stations and ask, "Does it ever snow down here?"—and tobacco fields and moss on the trees and black water and the first palms were events.

Bill got his first job selling tickets at the dog track in Jacksonville. He got to know a number of the dogs personally and was very kind to them and confidential and took care to bet only on the ones he'd done a favor for, but when the racing ended he had less than fifty dollars in his pocket, so he headed for Miami. Two weeks later he was lucky to find Life Guard written on his swimming suit.

The life-guard business, Bill found, wasn't bad. You got a different slant on things and people, being on the outside looking in, and it was interesting. Being on the beach at Casa Grande was, in a way, like being in the front row at a swell show; better, really, for you mingled with the actors without having any lines to memorize or speak yourself, and so you got the drift of dozens of small comedies and complications; intrigues, jealousies and triumphs—dramas even—that went on beneath the surface of the smooth, decorative divertissement that was the Casa Grande Cabaña Club.

YOU got some new and pretty healthy angles on yourself, too, thinking over things, and you began to dope out things instead of taking them for granted. You had to do that, in the situation you were in. A little while ago you were a Princeton junior with a pleasant little income and a nice uncomplicated future. You would graduate and maybe spend a year in Paris and you'd come back and slide into a berth in someone's advertising agency or bond house. You'd never touch off any fireworks in business, maybe, but you'd get along and presently you'd be a well-drilled noncommissioned officer of industry and have a place in Westchester or on Long Island. You were booked first class through life and it was pretty easy to look forward to.

And now? The pleasant little income was no more and two months in New York had pretty well convinced you that there weren't any berths to slide into, not even uppers, any more. And so? So here you were with Life Guard written on your shirt. All right. You still had all your legs and arms and eyes and ears. No one was shooting at you and

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you still had meals at mealtimes and the sun and sand and sea were just as swell as if you had a million dollars.

That sounded pollyanna, maybe, but it was true if that's the way you looked at it. The fact was, you could look at anything in any way you pleased; no one could take that from you. You could spend your time in moaning low about your luck or you could say: "Now, Bill, let's dope this out. Just what has happened, after all?" And when you boiled it down it simply figured out that you had traded in a fairly comfortable and pretty unexciting outlook for a future that might lead to anything, to anywhere, if you were game enough to get a kick out of uncertainty.

That sort of philosophy isn't very hard to arrive at when you are twenty-one and have a football build and just one mouth to feed. It works all right, too, unless you find—and sometimes very suddenly—that there is something that you want much harder than you ever wanted anything before and realize that now, because you haven't any money, any comfortable future, you're disqualified, ruled out. In other words, Bill Pearson met a girl.

There were, of course, a lot of very scenic ladies on the beach at Casa Grande and Bill had naturally made a note of them. At times his gaze would grow a trifle wistful as his eyes relaxed on some especially outstanding contour, but he was pretty reconciled and placid for the most part. He had the sense at least to know that this was not the time to let himself get fretful over any girl.

AND then, this certain sunny morning, Bill got up to take an early swim before the customers came down to clutter up the ocean. He sat down on the beach to smoke a cigarette and saw, upon the surface of the sea, a bright red spot. This bright red spot was Fate, and it was rapidly approaching him, but Bill just sat there, unsuspecting, till the spot became a bathing cap and till the owner neared the shore and waded towards him. And the more Bill saw of her, emerging from the water, the less Bill cared for consequences. Fate or no Fate, Bill was rooted to the spot. And then, when she was ankle-deep, she did a very unfair thing: she took the red cap off and let shiny black, silken hair swirl about her head and Bill was sunk, all hands aboard. You can't explain a thing like that; the lad was sunk, that's all.

The practical philosopher, the boy who had the sense at least to know that this was not the time to let himself get fretful over any girl, went down without a ripple.

She came directly towards him and Bill saw she meant to speak.

"I'm simply tearful for a cigarette," she said. And Bill said, "Yes, of course." He would have said the same if she had asked him for the state of Florida.

She sat down on the sand and wound her arms about her knees and looked out at the sparkle of the sea and said: "It's marvelous."

"It's more than that," Bill said with fervor. "It's—it's marvelous."

"I couldn't wait to have my first swim," she went on. "We just got in last night."

"New York?" Bill asked.

"Yes. We've been at Aiken for a month though. We stop there every year while Father breaks his collarbone."

Bill laughed. "That's right; Aiken is horses, isn't it?"

"You aren't supposed to have a thought that isn't equine," she replied. "Why can't horsey people simply take them in their stride? I'll bet the horses don't go on and on about their riders all the time. Why is that?"

"I don't know," Bill said. "I'll find out for you though, if you want me to."

"That's why I like it here," she said. "There's nothing but the ocean and the sand and sun and nothing that you have to be intense about."

"They are, though," Bill said; "most of them. They look like they're relaxing but they're not. They're all involved about the way they look and if they're sitting in a rotogravure attitude and making just the right amount of noise with just the proper people. It's intense, all right."

"It's silly. You're not that way, are you?"

"Intense? I might be," Bill said, "any minute. Darned intense."

She laughed and said, "I think I'll have another cigarette instead."

She waved to him across the crowded lobby and she looked so lovely that Bill took a good grip on himself before he spoke

SHE bent down to the match in Bill's cupped hands and said, "It's fun now, knowing each other—isn't it?—but not having to worry about it because you know it's all right."

"You mean I have a good, kind face," Bill said. "I know. It always spoils things. If I had looked devilish you'd have let me go on telling you how intense I could be."

"I would not! I'd have screamed," she said, "or got up and moved haughtily away."

"I would have moved after you," Bill said, "and muttered something sinister."

They laughed and then sat silent, looking at the ocean, where a breeze was changing blue to green and back to blue again.

"When I sit and look at it, after I've been away a while," she said, "it makes everything I've been doing or wanting seem hurried or temporary or not very important. That's not very clear, is it?"

"The ocean puts things in their place," Bill said.

"This morning I could have gone on swimming out and out, indefinitely."

"But you mustn't!" Bill said. "Listen—"

She laughed at his tone. "Oh," she said, "you mean the barracudas? But fish like me," she explained. "I'm nice to them. All fish and dogs and children like me."

"I do too," Bill said. "But barracudas don't like anyone except at mealtimes."

"Which reminds me that I'm sobbing for my breakfast."

She rose and Bill got up too.

"Thanks for the cigarettes," she said; and then, "I'm Marilyn Sauters."

AND then, for the first time, Bill remembered he'd forgotten who he was, and for the first time being Bill, the life guard, really mattered.

"I work here," Bill said. "I'm a life guard."

She smiled at him without the faintest indication of surprise.

"We're bound to see each other often then," she said.

"Thank you," Bill answered. "I'll be glad to be of any service."

She walked a step or two away, uncertainly, and then came back.

"I guess you didn't hear me when I tried to introduce myself," she said. "Or haven't life guards any names this year? Or are they simply big and strong and unidentified?"

Bill looked at her and tried to think of something to say that wouldn't sound silly or dramatic or ashamed or something, but he couldn't.

"Your good, kind face is trying to look all frozen up," she said. "Is that the way it does when people want to try to like you?"

Bill tried to grin.

"Listen," he said. "Anything I say is going to sound silly, but listen—I'm not being a life guard for fun or playing at it while I'm on a vacation or

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The closely controlled Tammany delegation will forfeit its balance of power to a large Democratic majority in the new House

By William G. Shepherd

How Tammany Missed a Trick

Will Tammany run the nation? The answer is: No, it won't. But for two years it might have had a controlling voice. Tammany representatives have held the balance of power in the present House. Ironically enough, their opportunity found them unprepared. They might have had anything and were able to take nothing. This is the amazing story of their embarrassment in the seats of the mighty

NICK LONGWORTH brought his violin and played it. Congresswoman Ruth Bryan Owen recited poetry. Western congressmen sang cowboy songs and Southern members roared out their good old songs of the South.

The clock under the press gallery of the House was pointing at noon and the Seventy-first Congress was passing away. The day was March 4, 1931.

Over in the rear seats on the left side of the house was a group of nattily dressed men, young and old, who were sitting by themselves, chatting and laughing, but taking no part in the proceedings.

Almost every section of the country had been heard from. It was time to sing Auld Lang Syne, for many members had been defeated in the previous election and would not come back to Washington again.

Abruptly, back in the rear seats, a hoarse voice was raised in song. Other voices back there joined in. Because the words were unfamiliar to the congressmen from the other corners of the land, they could not join in. The nattily dressed men carried through the first verse of their song with a hoarse and bellowing vigor. Then they came to the chorus:

"Tammany! Tammany!" it ran.

And then other congressmen realized that the Tammany congressmen had graciously done that, for them, very rare thing; they had, for once at least, joined in with Congress.

Why, after all the years during which Tammany men had merely loafed in Washington, or had appeared only at rare intervals to vote and then hurry back to the big city, had they suddenly in triumphant tones declared their presence?

It was because, for the first time in Tammany history, a twist of politics had given the men from the big city a real and a controlling balance of power among the nation's lawmakers.

This article is about how the Tammany boys sang too soon.

Holding the balance of power in the House of Representatives means *work*. And work is about the only thing that most of the Tammany members of the lower house of Congress had not done in the national capital.

Tammany in the Saddle

For this reason you, with millions of other Americans, did not realize that for a term of two years ending with this lame-duck session of Congress Tammany was in a position to have its own sweet and rough way, if it had only been prepared to take it.

That would have been one more thing for Americans to worry about—Tammany Hall controlling Congress. But I hasten to say that this situation was only another of those worries—of which we have had so many lately—that proved unnecessary.

During the Seventy-second Congress, Tammany's thumb was on the House, even if America didn't feel it. Tammany was getting ready to press down harder in the new Congress but missed the chance; and that's another brick we've successfully dodged.

There was never a vote taken in the present Congress on any measure in which both the Republican and the Democratic leaders did not watch for the votes of Tammany to be cast. Neither side needed the entire vote of Tammany. But this fact stands out:

No Democratic measure could be passed without the support of at least some Tammany votes from New York City. Speaker John Garner could put across nothing without Tammany's help. He asked for it because he had to. And he got it. Tremendously important laws were considered and either passed or killed—the bonus, taxes, currency inflation, reconstruction financing and so forth—but the one question that was always asked in every Democratic caucus was: "How will the Tammany boys vote?"

One good reason why most of us didn't know of Tammany's power in Congress was that there was a sort of conspiracy of silence about it. No congressmen commented openly on what was happening. No one yelled, "Look out for Tammany!" On the other hand, the Tammany boys suddenly were almost unable to recognize themselves. They were no longer isolated. Everyone was nice to them. This was because every party and every clique, from time to time, needed a portion of the Tammany votes. The Progressives got a little help from them; so did Wall Street bankers. They helped the West; they helped the East. They helped the South and the North. They made friends on all sides. It was all very joysome, until the finish came.

It wasn't until someone actually told Mr. Curry that Tammany held the balance of power in Washington that Tammany knew what a ripe plum had dropped accidentally into its lap. Naturally it immediately began to worry about how to get the most possible juice out of it.

Nine Men Who Vote as One

The man who, according to cloakroom talk, informed Tammany Hall of the situation was Congressman John Garner. Mr. Garner had just been elected Speaker of the House. He was also the leader of the Democratic forces in the House, and to him all the Democrats looked for guidance and advice.

Mr. Garner counted heads. He had ten more than the Republicans. But nineteen of his flock of Democrats came from that extraordinary corner of the United States known as Greater New York. He could bank on Southern, Western, Northern or Pacific Coast Democrats, but these Democrats from New York were unknown quantities. They were Tammany men.

What increased Mr. Garner's puzzle was that these nineteen so-called

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Dressing the Part

By Marie Beynon Ray

The play may be the thing. But the ladies in the audience are pretty apt to think the clothes it wears are important too. So Mrs. Ray invaded the dressing-rooms of Broadway stars, and emerged with this fashion news

TOO MANY women a play's no better than the clothes it wears. They go to the theater as much to gloat over the newest gowns worn by the leading lady as to enjoy the latest masterpiece of Shaw or Molnar.

What are the best-dressed plays on the New York stage this season? A hat, a taxi, a ticket clutched firmly in our moist palm—and we're off.

Long before Ina Claire opened in Biography rumors of the clothes she was to wear floated up and down Broadway. There was a pair of pajamas—!

I went to see Biography.

After observing those pajamas from out front, I decided they merited closer attention. Between the acts I knocked at Miss Claire's dressing-room door. A machine-gun volley of barks greeted me. I could scarcely enter the room for the dogs—six rowdy, wire-haired fox terriers. When they were finally scolded into one corner, the room looked quite large and even comfortably furnished.

I came at once to the pajamas.

"The pajamas? Yes, indeed, those pajamas are *something!*" laughed Miss Claire. "Not only straight from Paris, but warm and palpitating from the nether limbs of a real French artist. Here they are!" Miss Claire nailed them to each hip with a firm little thumb. "A divine shade of coral corduroy with that lovely bloom you see on a plum or a peach. Peg top—so much more flattering to the feminine form than tight trousers.

"In the play I'm an artist—that's my excuse for wearing pants. Not that I need one. I'm pants-conscious. And here's the top for them—a jersey blouse striped green, yellow and cream—colors you could eat. And sometimes I wear a French blue velveteen blouse with them. But always around my middle goes this wide sash of coral corduroy with a heavy coral fringe—all very Montmartre.

"Then there's this fresh little sports suit of pale yellow tweed—the kind of thing that makes you want to get right out on a green lawn and sing like a canary. With this yellow suit—odd that no one ever thought of this before—I wear a yellow linen blouse—collar, cuffs and frill. To make it odder yet, there's a fur scarf knotted about the throat like a man's cravat. Isn't it queer? I assure you, nothing like it was ever seen either here or in Abyssinia."

That same air of assurance and authority that Lynn Fontanne has in her acting, she carries into her clothes. If *she* wears it, it's right, and you like it whether you do or not.

One thing I especially liked in Design for Living—and that was the cape Miss Fontanne wore. There's nothing like a cape to give you an air. Think of the cavaliers, of Venetian gallants, of bullfighters. There's something of that in the swaggering cape of silvery white velvet which Miss Fontanne wears. It's long and it loops and drapes and swings and swirls about her in an insolently assured manner. No sooner do you see it swing into action than you instantly believe all those rumors you've heard about capes taking the place of evening jackets for the summer—and even for next winter.

And then suddenly the cape is off and there is that white brocade evening gown—and you are at once convinced of the truth of those other murmurs about brocades coming into their own next fall. That's what Miss Fontanne can do with a rumor!

Even a musical comedy can have ideas about clothes—and Music in the Air has several.

Miss Natalie Hall's dressing-room looked quite safe. No dogs, no honeybears, no Persian cats—but, as one would expect of a musical comedy dressing-room, infested with bipeds in evening dress. However, Miss Hall was adept in closing the door in their faces and politely leaving them on the wrong side.

"My clothes *do* make the audience sit up, don't they?" she said, poking about behind the curtain, which is the only closet an actress has. "I can tell by the gasps that come across the footlights that the audience is knocked flat when I take off the coat of this white costume. I appear to be clothed in a long white dress and a three-quarter white coat with a wide, shallow, silver-fox cape. But imagine their astonishment when I slip off the coat and the cape separates into a fur collar which is attached to the coat and fur epaulets which remain on the dress. The dress is a clinging white crêpe affair with these huge fur epaulets—really large muffs—around each arm and extending a good six inches beyond my shoulders, giving that new broad-shouldered look. The *(Continued on page 49)*

Ina Claire thinks the pajamas she wears in Biography are "something"
Vandamm Photo

Design for Living includes a swaggering cape of white velvet for Lynn Fontanne
Vandamm Photo

Vandamm Photo
Natalie Hall of Music in the Air wears a white gown with fox epaulets

Maurice Goldberg Photo
Judith Anderson, star of Firebird, in a black velvet dress, sleek as one of her dachshunds

White Photo
Marguerite Churchill in her Victorian wrap for Dinner at Eight

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Amateur Bride

By George Agnew Chamberlain

The Story Thus Far:

BELIEVING herself "dropped" by the wealthy Henry Morton, whom she loves, Margaret Schuyler marries John Wright in a moment of desperation. Wright—a strong, self-reliant engineer—understands the situation perfectly. Alternately gentle and brutal, he makes every possible effort to win his wife. Quarrels, misunderstandings follow.

Morton—suave, handsome, a New York society man—appears on the scene. He still loves Margaret. But does Margaret still love him? She wonders. . . . When Morton is present, Margaret and Wright exchange words; then— "I'm leaving," she announces, "with Henry." She sweeps from the room. Wright turns to Morton. "I'm broke," he says. "Take Margaret, and I'll make you hand over a fortune!"

Wright has sized up his man correctly. Morton is avaricious—and weak. He asks Margaret for "more time to think the matter over." And Margaret promptly disappears! . . .

Madly in love with his wife, Wright is in a desperate frame of mind. Unable to find Margaret, he goes to a mine in Mexico—the Dos Picos, where, working and playing, he has spent many happy hours. Arrived, he strides into the bar. An old flame—"Meg," who presides over the establishment—greets him. A beautiful woman, Meg—and wise: the only woman he has ever known who really understands men! He returns her greetings. Then, hailing a number of old acquaintances—Larry Matlock, the mine's general manager; Flint, the powerful 60-year-old treasurer; Bingo Brown and Smith—he seats himself. Presently a newcomer arrives. Henry Morton! Flint addresses him. "This bar," he growls, "*is closed to strangers. It's Thursday night—auction evening.* You can stay by paying a hundred bucks." Morton pays.

"Now," drawls Flint, master of ceremonies, "the auction will begin. What am I offered for this thirty-cent article?" He holds up a key—the key to an adjoining room, the barmaid's bedroom. The bidding begins. John Wright is not interested, until, glancing up, he sees the barmaid. Meg has vanished. In her place is *John Wright's wife!*

"Eleven hundred and five dollars!" Matlock shouts. "Thirteen hundred," says Morton. Wright whirls on him, knocks him down. Then, seizing Morton's wallet, Wright makes his bid: "Thirteen hundred and ten bucks!" Flint's voice booms out. "Sold!" Wright opens the wallet. It is stuffed with wads of newspaper. Matlock steps forward. "Mine was the last bid," he says. "Here's the cash!"

X

WRIGHT stood gulping, his eyes fixed on Margaret. He was trying to force her to look at him but she evaded the challenge. Though her eyes were no longer occupied with egging Matlock to the verge of madness, they still rested on him, but now they were filled with a light hard to define. It was neither curiosity nor wonder but a mingling of the two. Flint counted the money note by note and then passed her the entire sum.

"There you are, my dear," he said in a kindly voice. "The key goes to Larry."

Wright found his tongue, though only to stammer in broken phrases: "One minute, Flint. Please—please wait just a minute. And you too, Larry. You see, you boys don't understand. Things aren't the way you think. She's crazy. She doesn't know what she's doing." At that point Margaret laughed lightly, silencing him. The sound increased his confusion. He felt the blood filling his cheeks and congesting his eyes. His lips still moved, but not audibly.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Matlock sharply. "I'll leave it to the crowd, you're the one who has gone loco. Who made the rules? You did. Who was always the first to urge Flint to slug any man who broke them? You were. You know what talks here on Thursday nights—spot cash. And now it's too late even for that. Even money will have to wait a week to talk."

"That's right," said Bower. "If you feel so bad, Jack, why don't you run home, get your wad and bring it here in a wheelbarrow, all ready for next Thursday night? I've got another question I'd like to ask: Since when did you turn into a blubber-baby?"

To the amazement of all, Wright did not react to the gibe; in his own astonishment he did not even resent it. He was too intent on trying to get the attention of Flint and Matlock. He realized this was a time to keep very cool. He kept saying it to himself—keep cool, keep cool!—and all the time he was on the verge of some horrible breakdown. What had Bill Bower meant? Had it really sounded like blubbering? Well, he couldn't help it—he had to go on.

"Larry, please, and you too, Flint," he half whispered, "if I could talk to you alone for just a minute."

THEY turned deaf ears to his plea, so inarticulate they thought he must be drunk. Morton stirred. Unnoticed and unaided by anybody, but with the help of a table leg and then with that of the table itself, he managed to drag himself up into a chair. One or two of the men began to yawn and stretch. Bower stood up with a shrug of his shoulders. Wright turned to Margaret in his despair.

"Margaret, listen," he said, "will you come with me? Will you please come with me?"

"Here, you—" began Matlock.

Margaret cut in on him. "No," she answered, "why should I?"

"It's not you!" breathed Wright. "Margaret, do you want me to believe it's really you?"

"Believe what you like," said Margaret, "and I'll believe what I like. Do what you please, and I'll do what I please." She laughed. "Go to the devil in your way, and I'll go in mine!"

She was looking at him now and the strange convulsions of his face interested her as if she were a child and he a clown. Inside she was seething with excitement; outside she was calm with the intense gravity of the very young. He licked dry lips. His eyes too felt dry—dry and hot, as if they were burning away the flesh around them.

"I love you," he said hoarsely.

"News for the bank!" said Margaret, and laughed.

"Come on, now, Flint!" broke in Matlock impatiently. "Hand over the key and clear the room."

"Larry, you can't do it," said Wright in an agonized whisper, indistinct, scarcely audible. "I'm going to tell you something, Larry. She's my wife, see? She's never been—been anything else. She's my own wife, Larry."

MATLOCK hesitated in a sort of quivering recoil, but across that hesitation cut a peal of laughter. Again it was Margaret who had laughed.

"That's a good one, Larry," she murmured, enveloping Matlock within her shining gaze. "Do you believe it?"

"Damn you," muttered Wright, whirling on her, "stop looking at him like that!"

"Everybody out," shouted Flint hurriedly. "Here, Larry, take your key."

As he tried to pass the key to Matlock, Wright with an upward sweep of his hand sent it flying into the air. "Try and get it," he muttered, his bloodshot eyes ranging to right and left.

"With me, boys," roared Flint. "Out he goes!"

He lowered his head and charged like a bull, his huge shoulders reaching out like horns. Men came hurtling from every direction, even the staggering Morton. Margaret screamed. Meg scrambled out of the low chair where she had been passing the most amusing hour of her entire life and sprang to her feet. She stood close beside Margaret. Across the crashing din of the battle she called into her ear, "Don't you worry, kid, nobody will get hurt. It won't even be a fight."

In spite of these reassuring words Margaret continued to think it was a fight. All she saw was a huddled mass of men moving like a whirling tornado toward the door. Meg darted around the counter and went to open it. At its sill the tornado seemed to rise into a waterspout and then divide. Its peak, which was John Wright, and its tail, which was Morton, were ejected into the night while the rest of the flood

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

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"Ah, Meg!" he exclaimed with a half sigh, "good old Meg. There's always a choice—always. Good night, Meg, and good-by"

flowed back into the room. The door slammed. The oaken bar fell into its appointed iron clamp.

"Where's that key?" asked Flint, breathing scarcely harder than usual.

"On the top shelf behind the rye," said Meg.

"Never mind about the key," said Matlock, "I can get it when I want it. Much obliged to you all, but you can leave whenever you like." He turned to Meg. "What about you, Meg? Whose house is this, anyway?"

"Hers," said Meg with a nod of her head toward Margaret. "Fetch down the key and let me into the back. Give me half an hour to pack and anybody can have what's left when I go."

"Meg," *begged young Smith,* "you don't mean it! Please, Meg, please don't go. If you do go, please promise you'll come back. Soon, I mean."

SHE faced him and the crowd. "You know the way out, boys, and so do I. I'm through with all this. But there's just one thing I want to say to each and every one of you before we part and stay parted. It isn't every woman can go away five times a widow, and here's my one request. If any one of you ever lamps me again, I hope you'll have the decency to remember when and where you died."

Meanwhile Flint had climbed on his stool and then on the counter. He felt around on the top shelf until he found the key, descended and handed it to Matlock, who turned to pass it to Meg. But she was otherwise occupied. She had just received from Margaret the entire takings of the evening and was counting the money with a strange light in her eyes. She knew it was all there, but it gave her a sort of ecstasy to finger the notes of such a sum one by one. Here was stuff you could put in the bank.

Margaret noted that strange light. "Why, Meg!" she said, "you told me you had lots and lots! Let me give you half of mine, please do! You know I really did promise."

Meg stopped counting to stare at her. Suddenly she was ashamed. "You're queer," she said. "You're so queer I shouldn't wonder I could love you. I'm glad I'm clearing out or I might get an itch to give you something. Hand me the key quick, Larry."

He gave it to her. "Don't forget to leave it in the lock on this side, Meg."

"I won't. Give me half an hour by the clock and you'll find I've gone out by the back door and slammed it behind me."

"But, Meg," said Margaret, "it's so late! Where will you sleep?"

THERE was a shout of laughter, but *Meg did not laugh.* A stricken look flashed across her face and was gone. "I'll tell you, kid. In any bed in Dos Picos—bar one." She opened the door to what had been her room and turned. "Well, boys," she said with a general wave of her hand, "I bid you all a fond and everlasting good night and good-by."

The door closed behind her. Flint went to the main entrance, listened for a moment, and then raised the heavy bar. He opened cautiously and peered up and down the street before he ushered out first Bower, then Brown and Smith. He motioned to Matlock.

"Stand by, Larry," he said, and disappeared himself.

Matlock promptly replaced the bar and turned. He stood quite still, with his back against the door, looking at Margaret. She had not moved. She was still sitting in Meg's chair and wearing Meg's dress, but there the illusion stopped. She was not Meg; even if she had been blond instead of dark she still would not have been Meg. Her dark eyes remained large and deep, but they no longer called to him as they had while she was making him bid. What was the matter with her? *What was she? He frowned. Who was she?* He moved to set a table and a chair on their feet and sat down facing her. As he did so he imagined he heard a faint sigh as though she had let go a breath long held. He frowned again.

"What are you frightened about?" he asked.

"I'm not frightened," she replied after an infinitesimal pause.

"Eleven hundred and five dollars is a lot of money," he stated.

"Yes," said Margaret with a catch of her breath. "I know. That—that's what I was thinking."

He colored violently; then he said quickly as if to reassure her: "That wasn't what I meant. I mean it's a lot of money for you to have handed over to Meg."

"Oh, that's all right," said Margaret with a touch of eagerness. "You see, I'd promised it. When she let me take her place, I told her I'd give her whatever came in tonight."

"I heard you offer her half of your money as well."

"She wouldn't take that," continued Margaret with the same suggestion of breathlessness. "She refused. You heard her, didn't you?"

"How much have you—of your own, I mean?"

IT DID not occur to her to refuse to answer. "I'm not sure," she said. "I think it's about a thousand dollars, but of course I have spent some. I—I don't know."

Matlock laughed. "Come around here," he said, righting another chair and placing it beyond the corner of the table but near him. She did not move at once though her hesitation lasted no longer than it took to coördinate her muscles with her brain. She slipped from the high chair, steadied herself for an instant with her hand on the counter and then walked quickly around it and stood before him.

"What am I to do? Sit down?"

"Of course. You can't stand for half an hour."

She sank on the chair he had prepared. He reached out and took her hand. She yielded it easily, but the shock of its touch confused him. He had expected it to be trembling and hot, but it was still and very cold. Immediately he enfolded it between both his own, prompted solely by an instinct to give it warmth.

"Who are you, anyway?" he asked.

"I'm Meg," she said after a pause,

(Continued on page 41)

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Gallows of Chance

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

The Story Thus Far:

CECIL BRANDT is to be hanged for murder. One man alone can intercede for him: England's young Home Secretary, Sir Humphrey Rossiter. He refuses to do so.

The evening before the execution he is kidnapped. Four masked men seize him, rush him to a mysterious house, place him on a gallows. "Promise," says the spokesman, "to grant that reprieve—*or die!*"

Sir Humphrey will not promise. Informed, however, that Brandt's wife has new evidence to present, he finally does so. Released, he meets Katherine Brandt, hears her story, promises to grant a reprieve. Then—after the woman has left—he collapses.

Hours later he comes to. *Cecil Brandt has been hanged!*

Another shock follows for Scotland Yard: Katherine Brandt and Sir Humphrey mysteriously disappear! . . . Three operatives—Inspectors Smithers and Simpson, and Detective Pank—go to Norfolk County, where (following a visit to Lord Keynsham and Lady Louise, his sister) Sir Humphrey had been motoring in a hired car when the attack occurred.

Detective Pank works alone. He rents a room from his uncle, Elijah Pank. Through adroit questioning he finds that one Tom Bowhill is the wanted chauffeur. Then he strikes up an acquaintance with an ugly rascal, a carpenter named Humble, from whom he deduces the horrible chain of events which led to Sir Humphrey's first abduction.

Clarence Edwards, a movie producer, had been approached by several gentlemen and asked to build in his studio a set consisting of a prison cell, a courtyard, and a gallows. The set was built, the men paid off, including Edwards, and told to keep their mouths shut.

Only Humble was kept—and he had once been apprentice to Prince, the British government's hangman! The set stood only one day. The next day it was mysteriously demolished!

Pank returns to London and confronts Edwards with the story. Edwards admits that the gentleman who paid him and his crew was Lord Keynsham!

The next day Clarence Edwards is brought to Colonel Matterson's office in Scotland Yard.

"Did you," asks Colonel Matterson, "happen to remember that a man was hanged at Wandsworth prison on the day after that little show in your studio?"

VIII

EDWARDS sat dumfounded in his chair. It was perfectly obvious that he had never connected the two happenings.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "you're right! It was a man named Brandt who had murdered an actor. Found him with his wife and killed him. He was hanged at Wandsworth the next morning."

"You never connected the building of a gallows scene in your studio, I suppose, with what Lord Edward told you and the fact that the same thing was happening in real life within a few hours?"

"As God is above, I never did," Edwards affirmed vehemently.

"Very well," the sub-commissioner said after a brief pause. "We'll leave it at that. Did you know Lord Edward before he came to see you?"

"I did indeed, sir. I used to be a photographer and I'd been over to Keynsham once or twice when his lordship was giving fêtes. Treated like gentlemen we always were. He ordered a cinema film from me once. I met him in Norwich several months ago and he stopped me in the street. Remembered me quite well. I told him about my studio and he promised to come and see it sometime."

"That's all you know about him?"

"Everything except what the whole city and the whole world knows—that he had scarcely enough to live on when he came back from the war, and that he went into business in the city, made a huge fortune, bought back Keynsham Hall, which has been one of the family seats for hundreds of years, and became the most popular gentleman in the county. Lord Lieutenant he was last year, and he could be just what he liked so far as Norfolk people are concerned."

"This is all hearsay," Matterson remarked. "You know nothing personal about him?"

"PERSONAL? How should I be likely to? I've bettered myself a little, but I've been next door to being a workingman all my life. I did a bit of drawing and had a feeling for cheap art when I was young. That made me go into the photography business. Then, being in cinemas so much turned my head and I worked in a show at Elstree for some time. When I had saved enough money I built that place at Norwich, and there we are."

"Do you happen to know where Lord Edward is now?"

"Of course I don't. Why should I?"

The sub-commissioner reflected for a moment.

"Mr. Edwards," he said, "I don't think that you can be of very much further use to us. I'm going to tell you that on the whole we consider what you did was a fairly reasonable action for a man in your position and, although very grave things have happened since then, the law cannot hold you responsible for them. So you see you have nothing to fear from us, but I do wish to ask you one question, and I want you to give it your careful attention. Did his lordship, when he insisted, for instance, on that twenty-five-foot drop, did he give you any idea at all how far he meant to go in the frightening of this nervous old gentleman?"

"He did not, sir," was the firm and definite reply.

Colonel Matterson looked through his notes and turned toward Chief Inspector Smithers.

"Is there anything you would like to ask Mr. Edwards before we say good afternoon to him?" he inquired.

"I don't think so, sir."

"What about you, Pank?"

"Just two trifling things, sir. When did you and your men, Mr. Edwards, hand over the studio, with everything in it prepared, to Lord Edward Keynsham?"

"At about five o'clock on December the nineteenth."

"Did his lordship come over alone?"

"Absolutely, sir."

"You saw nothing of the companions, then, whom he must have had with him later to stage this affair?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Have you no idea who they were?"

"Not the slightest."

"The sub-commissioner," Pank continued, "told you that he is now asking you questions in a different fashion. Yesterday's interrogation was informal. This is a formal one, which means that if you tell us anything but the truth you will be in trouble. You understand that?"

"Yes, I understand it," Edwards admitted. "I have not told you a word yet that was not the truth."

"Very well, then," Pank went on. "Did you leave any one of your men to assist Lord Edward with his practical joke?"

EDWARDS' hesitation lasted no longer than the flicker of an eyelid. Nevertheless it was a hesitation.

"No one at all," he said stoutly.

Pank looked at him for a moment gravely, then he glanced across at the shorthand writer. Edwards had lost a trifle of his composure.

"About those masks," Pank asked. "Had you, among your properties, a number of rather soiled white masks?"

"That's so," Edwards agreed. "We used them for a band of gangsters in the film that was such a flop."

"And what was the name of the man whom you left with Lord Edward to play the hangman?" Pank demanded in a voice that for him was almost stern. "Don't tell a lie this time."

Edwards was for a moment nonplussed. He mopped his forehead.

"Humble," he said. "Sam Humble."

"Had some experience in that sort of thing, hadn't he?"

"You know a damn' sight too much," was the vicious reply.

Pank turned away with a smile.

"That's all I wanted to ask, sir," he told the sub-commissioner.

The latter nodded.

"Well, Mr. Edwards," he said, "we all thank you for your information, although I'm afraid some of it was given rather unwillingly. Supposing we should want to see you again—are you thinking of leaving the country?"

"Not now, sir," the man replied. "I've done no wrong that I can think of, and I shall stay and work at the little business I have started. I'm going to buy and sell films, and I have a side line dealing in requisites. You'll find me at the same address at any time."

"Then we'll say good afternoon.

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"You never connected the building of a gallows scene with the fact that the same thing was happening in real life within a few hours?" Matterson asked

Pank, perhaps you will see Mr. Edwards to the door and tell the orderly that we will interview our other visitor now."

Pank obeyed orders and returned.

"No real progress with Mr. Edwards, I'm afraid," Colonel Matterson observed. "I fancy that he has now told us all he knows. As soon as we've finished with Bowhill the chief is coming down for a short conference."

"YOU will pardon my saying so, sir," Chief Inspector Smithers ventured, "but it seems to me that the first abduction of Sir Humphrey Rossiter is pretty well cleared up by now except for details. How are we going to link it up with Sir Humphrey's present disappearance? Seems to me that's what we have got to get to work at."

"You're quite right, Smithers," the sub-commissioner agreed, "but don't you realize that the same central figure is concerned in both affairs? That's why we want to investigate this matter with such meticulous care. It's only a question of an hour or two. At any moment we may find the clue we want. At present, if you stop to think of the affair, it is simply ridiculous. The only value in what we are doing is that it may help us to build the bridge over to the second episode."

"Quite so, sir," the inspector murmured, trying to look more satisfied than he felt. "We shall not waste any more time about it than we can help, I can assure you."

The orderly reappeared, ushering in a smooth-faced young man in chauffeur's undress livery. He came toward the table with belligerent carriage. The sub-commissioner did not invite him to take a seat.

"Your name is Thomas Bowhill?" he asked, beckoning him to come a little nearer to the table.

"That's so, sir. And I should like to know what I've done to have the police interfering in my business and fetching me here."

"You were fetched by plain-clothes policemen," Colonel Matterson said coldly, "and your presence here is necessary in the interests of the law. Be so good as to answer my questions. You have been for some years in the employ of Lord Edward Keynsham?"

"That's right."

"About the beginning of December you received some rather strange orders from his lordship. You were transferred to a large garage in Norwich where you were told to get a situation as temporary chauffeur. You asked permission to garage a car of your own there, which car, by the bye, belonged to his lordship, and you were to take on odd jobs, only accepting such as you approved of."

"That's right."

"You were rung up from Fakenham on the morning of the nineteenth of December and told to be at Keynsham Hall at five o'clock to drive a gentleman to London?"

"That's right."

"You went to Keynsham Hall—this appears to have been one of the jobs of which you approved. What happened there?"

"I saw his lordship for a few moments in the gun-room and he gave me certain orders. The gentleman came out with his shooting things and bags, and I drove him by rather a roundabout way to the studio at Hellesdon."

"You know that he was in a measure abducted?"

"I don't know anything," the man replied. "I was obeying orders."

"I see," the sub-commissioner murmured. "You would have obeyed if your master had told you to take your passenger out of the car and throw him into the ditch?"

"His lordship would never have given me any such instructions. His lordship is a straightforward, honorable gentleman for whom it is a pleasure to work."

"No one is saying a word against Lord Edward, but don't you think that his behavior that night seemed a little strange?"

"I didn't think about it. I did as I was told. I waited for my passenger while he was in the studio. When he came out I drove him to where I was told to drive him—it was somewhere near Barnet. I left him with his bags where he could find a taxicab."

"You changed the plates of your car afterward?"

"That's right."

"You practically went into hiding?"

"I suppose so."

"Why?"

"His lordship's orders."

"You seem to be a very obedient servant," the sub-commissioner remarked.

"I have served in the army, sir," was the brusque reply.

"HAVE you any idea why you went through all that pantomime? Why, too, you were turned out of your cottage and made to live in lodgings in Norwich, and become practically a taxicab driver simply with a view to carrying out this one job?"

"I have no idea whatever, sir."

"Yet you did it."

"I did it, sir. I obeyed orders. Anyone would who served Lord Edward."

"I suppose you know," Colonel Matterson observed, "that you've been concerned in a criminal exploit?"

"I do not, and it would take more than the whole of the police force to make me believe it, sir. A person in Lord Edward's position wouldn't run any such risk."

Matterson smiled.

"Any questions, Pank?"

The newly appointed inspector turned toward the chauffeur, and there was enmity in the latter's face.

"How is it that you're not in Canada?" he inquired.

For the first time the young man hesitated.

"Who said I was in Canada?" he demanded.

"The butler at Keynsham Hall."

"I'm under orders to go. I have not started yet. And what I should like to know is, what the hell you've been doing messing about at Keynsham?"

Colonel Matterson glanced up.

"Bowhill," he warned him, "another speech of that sort and I'll send you to the cells."

The man folded his arms and remained silent.

"I have nothing more to ask, sir," Pank announced.

The sub-commissioner touched the bell and Bowhill was dismissed.

THE sub-commissioner leaned back in his chair and glanced through his notes.

"One thing," he remarked, "becomes clearer at every moment. Lord Edward Keynsham is the man with whom we need to have a little conversation."

"Have you any idea where he might be, sir?" Pank inquired. "He is not in Norfolk."

"We ought to know in a very few minutes," Matterson replied, glancing at his watch. "In the meantime there's a young lady who demands our attention."

He touched a bell and gave the necessary order. A very respectable, nicely dressed young woman of secretarial appearance was promptly shown in. Inspector Smithers offered her a chair, and Colonel Matterson referred to his notes.

"Your name," he asked, "is, I believe, Julia Somerby?"

"That is so," she admitted.

"You are what might be called social secretary to Lord Edward and Lady Louise Keynsham?"

"That is my position, sir."

"I'm going to ask you very few questions," Matterson assured her. "The most important is this one: Was Lord Edward, to your knowledge, on terms of intimacy with the man Brandt who was hanged at Wandsworth last month?"

The girl shook her head.

"The name of Brandt does not even appear in the social register which I keep, sir," she replied. "That means that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Brandt has ever exchanged formal visits with his lordship or her ladyship."

"In other words, it would mean that they were strangers?"

"Precisely."

"One more question. The late Mr. Brandt was a member of the Shannon Yacht Club, the Doldrums Club and the Royal Automobile. Was Lord Edward a member of any of these?"

The young lady was very decisive upon the point.

"Lord Edward belongs only," she confided, "to the Marlborough, the Carlton and the Guards."

The sub-commissioner reflected for a moment.

"Summing up your information, then, Miss Somerby," he said, "I may conclude that you have never seen the late Mr. Brandt in his lordship's house or in his lordship's company, and the same applies to his wife?"

"That is so, sir."

"We are very much obliged to you," Colonel Matterson acknowledged, ringing the bell for the orderly and rising as she left the room. . . .

"YOU didn't ask, sir," Smithers remarked, "any questions as to the present whereabouts of Lord Edward."

The sub-commissioner smiled.

"I am afraid that you don't read the society news, Inspector," he observed. "From the Riviera column of the Times of this morning one gathers that his lordship was entertaining a very distinguished party, including the Prince and Princess of Monaco, on his yacht in Monaco harbor on the day before yesterday. I learn from a member of his firm, however, that, owing to

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On Paradise Street

They left the ship, and landed. They stole along mysterious, shadowy byways. And then it came: an adventure as weird and terrifying as any that ever befell a man and a girl

By Sidney Herschel Small

TOMMY CALDWELL was grimy and hot as he stepped to the deck of the Hornet, at anchor in the brown, placid Tamsui River. Successive layers of Formosan soil were on his khaki shorts. His shirt was clean, but had been bought hastily at an inland train stop, where the Chinaman's stock ran to silks—violet, maroon and crimson—above which Caldwell's lean face seemed darker than even three years in the Orient could have burned it.

Under the ship's awning he saw enough to take away his disgust at being summoned to Taihoku. He had expected endless discussions, with himself largely on the defensive, explaining matters bad enough without what had happened just before he left the hill country. Instead, he saw a table of bridge, bowls of ice, many tall glasses and siphons. And girls; girls in cool white. Two were playing. A third lay in a long chair, staring at the muddy Tamsui, at the line of sampans nosed against the south sea-wall, at the native city beyond. Perhaps clear to the far shoulders of the savage hills, from which Caldwell had so hurriedly departed.

The second officer of the Hornet was speaking to him; Tommy said in answer, "Couldn't I have a shower first? You could grow camphor trees on me."

"Mr. Ridgeway is anxious to see you without delay, sir."

Tommy looked at his hands. Yellowish dust almost concealed the stain of iodine, where the skin of his left hand was torn. "I haven't arrived yet," he suggested. "Ten minutes, and a decent shirt, and I'll be here—"

"I'm afraid not, sir. Besides, Mr. Ridgeway is looking this way."

"Maybe he's colorblind," Tommy suggested hopefully.

"Hardly, sir." As they started aft, the ship's officer continued, "We had a miserable passage from Hongkong. Mr. Ridgeway hasn't been feeling himself. I thought I'd mention it, sir."

"Thanks. He'll be so delighted with my news that he'll put all hands on bread and water." Tommy thought, "He'd have raised the devil anyhow. Who cares? It'll be worth it. I haven't talked to a white girl for years. Is that girl on the chair asleep? I'll bet she has brown eyes. Oriental women have 'em too, but theirs are dead. Like the Tamsui mud. . . ."

The girl on the steamer chair did not look up when Ridgeway said, "Glad to see you, Caldwell. We expected you yesterday."

Tommy took the extended hand; he said, "Sorry, sir. The telegraph wires were cut again. Taiyals crossed the guard line, and—"

"We've been broiling alive here," the head of Ridgeway Engineering said, giving Caldwell the blame for it. The older man indicated the four about the table; the game stopped. All seemed to think it too hot to shake hands, even Wilson, the one name which meant anything to Tommy. He'd had letters from Wilson, complaining about costs, methods and, lately, about time consumed. Didn't the man realize that the installation of camphor stills and machinery in Formosa was different from working in the States? Ridgeway concluded his introductions on a querulous note: "On the chair, my daughter. Nora!"

The girl opened her eyes. They were brown.

"Hello," Tommy said.

She stared at him, as if he were as interesting as the Tamsui.

"Well," she said. "Moonlight on the Ganges."

Tommy knew what she meant. "It's a powerful shirt," he grinned. "A Taiyal'd pay two heads for a shirt like this, Miss Ridgeway."

"I never cared for costume pictures." She glanced at the holster fastened to Tommy's belt. "Not even in the Wild West. Are you giving us a thrill?"

"Fleas in Formosa are like tigers in India," Tommy told her. "Why, I've seen 'em hop into a village and go after a fat brown baby, and if it hadn't been for me and my trusty gun—"

Ridgeway broke in impatiently, "Have a chair, Caldwell. Nora, take George Wilson's hand. We've got to talk here. It's too hot anywhere else."

Nora Ridgeway shrugged, but did not leave the chair near the rail. The game ended abruptly, without a game bid being played out. One girl picked up a book and sought deeper shade; the other watched the man at the table lay out cards for solitaire. All were bored with inaction, mud, silence and sun.

"YOU said something about natives breaking through again," Ridgeway said. "I suppose that means another delay?"

"I'm afraid so, sir." Why was it necessary for the chief to go after him here, with girls about? He himself became hotter as he said: "The Taiyals came across the *aiyu-sen*—the guard line, sir—four days ago. They burrowed under the electrified wire fence, and killed the guard before he could send in the alarm. Then they attacked the nearest guardhouse from the rear; killed and beheaded the Japanese soldiers. We heard the shooting, and went to have a look. Our camp was a wreck when we got back. Six months' work for nothing, sir."

George Wilson said judicially, "Wouldn't it have been wiser to have remained in camp? That's not intended as criticism; I'd simply like to know."

"We couldn't have stood 'em off there, sir. Our workmen are Japanese. They know what happens if their soldiers are trapped by savages. We lost six laborers, and Matsuyama, the third assistant. A fine chap. We couldn't find his body, even after the Taiyals beheaded it. So I suppose they—"

"You're young, Caldwell," Ridgeway broke in. "Only your ability to speak Oriental languages gave you this job. But you've got to realize that you can't go around with a gun, potting natives. Just concentrate on the job, finish it, and leave shooting to the Japanese soldiers. Am I plain?"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy drearily.

"And you seem to have tried to keep us in the dark. Your records are in abominable shape. Don't tell me you've been too busy! I expect you to be busy! Then, while we're at it, there's the matter of requisitions. You ask for a machine gun! If—"

"If we'd had it, Matsuyama and six of our men would be alive, sir."

"Nonsense," Ridgeway growled. "Excuses! Always the fault of the savages. Hmm. I thought better of you, Caldwell. I'm very disappointed."

Tommy knew that even the girl at the rail was listening. He was young; he was bitter at being placed on the defensive, forced to admit anything like even temporary failure. And he was sticky, hot and very thirsty. . . .

He began calmly enough: "The contract for camphor distillers was awarded us because not a Japanese firm cared to undertake it. I wonder if you know what we're up against in the camphor country? Trees tall as redwoods. Thick brush. Bands of head-hunting Taiyals. Gorges a half mile deep. Crossed only on swinging bamboo bridges. We've carried our stuff over one of 'em, because somebody"—looking squarely at the chief—"refused my suggestion that a real bridge'd save months. The Taiyals chop it down every raid they make across the *aiyu-sen*.

"I'll tell you about the guard line,

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Illustrated by J. W. Schlaikjer

Jerkily, in English, Caldwell called, "Nora . . . run. Down the street. To the river"

too, It runs along the tops of the hills. There's a cleared space on either side of a charged ten-foot fence. Blockhouses every mile or so. On our side of this electrified boundary, a few Japanese school-teachers, storekeepers, priests. Plenty of supposedly 'tame' savages, asking nothing better than a chance to rejoin their fellows in the jungle. On the far side, camphor trees and savages. Head-hunters who'll kill to—"

Someone laughed, lightly, briefly.

"I mean it," Tommy said defiantly. "I've seen villages with hundreds of heads exhibited as trophies—"

Nora Ridgeway picked up her glass. "You'd go good in the speakies. Anyhow, even without notches on your gun, it's a good act. Thanks for putting it on."

"Glad I'm amusing you," said Tommy.

THE girl swirled liquid about in the glass; the sound did things to Tommy's throat. She said tonelessly, "Where do all these atrocities take place?"

"In those hills," Tommy said. He stood up, pointing; his hand was lean and brown. "You go part way by rail—"

"I don't even go part way," said the girl. "This lure of the East is only a pain to me. Geisha. Temples. Shabby shrines and ruins here."

"And the museum and the Monopoly Bureau," agreed Tommy. "You ended your sight-seeing with tiffin at the hotel. A polite third-class official, speaking English, showed you about, explaining what was good for you to see."

"Was there anything really worth seeing?"

Her eyes, Tommy saw, were brown. With bits of cool color, something like the amber of her glass. And intoxicating. Instead of replying, he was forced to listen to his chief, whose first words he had already missed: " . . . admitted that a satisfactory conclusion of this job is not as simple as in a civilized country . . ."

The girl's demand cut through clearly: "I suppose you could show me sights? Something other than dust and buildings and purple shirts?"

HER father was continuing, " . . . we feel that, since time is an essential part of our contract, we are entitled to demand that you show us . . ."

"Certainly I can show you things," Tommy promised.

"Show us," growled Mr. Ridgeway, "a reasonable caution in—"

"I've seen all the tea-houses in the Orient," Nora Ridgeway warned.

Tommy said eagerly, "I'll show you—"

Mr. Ridgeway's temper snapped. His voice leaped to breaking point: "Look here, young man, I've come all the way to Taihoku in order to help you. You listen to me, d'ye hear? Are you listening? Are you?"

"Yes, sir," Tommy said meekly. "Of course, sir."

"Have you heard a word I've been saying?"

"No, sir."

"And," roared the chief, "you've got that dead-cow expression on your face. I know that look! Haven't you ever seen a girl before, Caldwell?"

"Not since I've been in Formosa, sir. I'm sorry—"

"Are you?" asked Nora Ridgeway. "That wasn't nice."

George Wilson said diplomatically, "Why can't we go into all this tonight, sir? You're missing your afternoon nap. Caldwell's naturally tired also. This evening, when it's cooler—"

"Mr. Caldwell will be showing me the city," the girl said gently.

"Wrong," Tommy told her. "Regulations forbid foreigners on the streets after dark."

"And you always abide by regulations?"

It was Mr. Ridgeway's turn to break into the conversation. He did it with only one word: "Bah!"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy dutifully.

The two older men had gone when the girl with the book asked, "Now what?"

Nora Ridgeway said at once, "So far as you're concerned, darling, nothing at all. This is a personally conducted party of one, for the scientific purpose of determining if the Orient is as deadly at night as it is in daylight."

The book dropped to the deck; Anne Fleming said, "Why can't we all go?"

"Too easy for the police to see us," Tommy said easily.

Anne Fleming was smiling at Tommy. "But—"

"You've a man at home, worrying about typhoons and cholera," Nora told her, "and it wouldn't be right to have you tempted by an engineer who hasn't seen any girls in years. He's safe with me; I don't like purple shirts. I'll leave it to Mr. Caldwell. How about it?"

Tommy said, "What I want is a drink."

The first icy drops were chilling his throat when Nora Ridgeway added casually, "You can imagine how exciting it'll be, Anne. Dirty temples in moonlight are still dirty temples. . . . What happened to your hand, Tommy? Dog bite you?"

CALDWELL thought of the fight in the hills, of a Taiyal's teeth tearing at him. He said as he lowered the glass, "I'd forgotten what a highball tasted like. It's even better than that."

The girl swung about. "I'd like to see a head-hunter," she said. "And"—as somebody whispered, and the others laughed—"that was a nasty crack about looking-glasses."

"If we go ashore, and the police don't see us, I might be able to point out a former head-hunter."

Hal Evans, at the card table, asked idly, "How d'you know a man's a cannibal?"

"By the teeth," explained Tommy.

Nora Ridgeway said to the Tamsui, "I'm satisfied. I'll stay on board. The head-hunting yarn went over, so now he's dragging in cannibals."

Tommy forgot about savages. "I . . . I wish you'd come," he pleaded.

"I'll be bored here in comfort, thanks."

Anne Fleming picked up her book. "You ought to go, Nora," she advised. "Even if Tommy can't show you anything, you can give him an insight into the latest technique. He hasn't seen a girl for a long time, and—"

"And now," Nora said, "I've got to go, don't I?"

THE narrow way along which they walked was dark. Somewhere a flute wailed, a snake-bellied guitar jangled. A flower-girl's shrill voice twisted in and out of the discord in minor undertones. Crossing the tea-packing district, on an unfrequented street, the odor of jasmine, gardenia and white oleander, used to perfume tea leaves, was heavy in the air.

At the end of the dim passages through the tea hongs was an old temple; from the tiled roof hung votive offerings and a few pale lanterns. One lamp burned at the entrance, before a singular seated image of human dimensions, a divinity which seemed to stare at man and girl with small, weird eyes.

The jangle of minor chords lessened; Nora Ridgeway said, "It *is* different at night. I want a good story to take back. Otherwise they'll say I went with you just to . . ."

"I wouldn't mind," Tommy grinned.

"I'm sick of shipboard," the girl said savagely. "Of the Orient. Of everything. There ought to be one good adventure somewhere! That's why I came. . . ."

"It may be a night in jail," Tommy told her. "The police stay away from dark alleys, but we've got to cross Paradise Street soon—"

"What street?"

"That's the Chinese name. The Japs call it something else now—"

THE great bell of the temple began to boom; the girl's hand sought Caldwell's arm for the first time. When the thrumming shuddered away, and they had passed the temple, Tommy said matter-of-factly, "Last prayer hour. Now the priest'll go to sleep."

"We can mix the temple and the ugly red god up in our tale," Nora said suddenly, keenly. "You fire most of the shells from your gun, and that'll be proof of what we'll tell them when we get back—"

"Shooting'd bring the police." Tommy slipped the barrel back and forth, ejecting five bullets. "That leaves one. We'll say we kept it for you, shall we?"

"Grand! Now here's how we'll start the yarn: 'We were walking down this dark alley, near the temple, when we heard somebody behind us . . .' "

She wove the fabric of the adventure with skill. Here and there Caldwell made suggestions. When the whole was complete, Tommy said, "That ought to get across, Miss Ridgeway. But don't forget: you throw yourself into my arms—maybe we'd better practice."

(Continued on page 38)

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Technocracy Made Simple

By H. I. Phillips

Under a system that pays off on the basis of energy expended what will prevent chess players, aldermen, U. S. senators, messenger boys and plumbers' helpers from starving to death? This and kindred questions are raised at haphazard by Dr. Phillips in his comprehensive survey of Technocracy. He makes the subject very simple indeed

You'll always have enough to eat

THE barber had removed a four days' beard, given me a tip on the fifth race at Agua Caliente and told me all about his sinus trouble.

"How much?" I asked.

He looked at his meter and consulted Form 1877, Chart 35, issued by Technocracy Local No. 567, for a few moments.

"About eleven and two fifths ergs."

"Nothing doing. I got shaved at Tony's last Tuesday for eight ergs flat," I remonstrated.

"Listen," argued the barber. "He don't use the energy I do. I nearly collapsed getting the stubble off your chin."

"I'll give you a certificate for ten ergs and no more," I insisted.

"Okay," he said, "but if Howard Scott hears about me cutting rates I'll be suspended."

"The thing for you to do," I fired as a parting shot, "is to have your energy flow remeasured. You've got a fast meter."

That's the sort of thing we've got to put up with, the way this Technocracy is spreading. It's all done by energy determinants. No more money. No more prices. No more old-time standards of values. A barber measures the energy he puts into a shave, and you give him a certificate in energy units or "ergs." He goes downtown and turns the certificates in for meat, potatoes, new phonograph records, a brown derby, an explorer's ticket through Radio City, a dozen eggs or what have you.

These questions naturally arise to make it more intricate:

1. How will the Technocrats measure the energy used by a man fighting his way upstairs in a crowded subway, carrying a cello?

2. How will they gauge the amount of energy burned up by an apprentice stenographer trying to get a word-by-word record of all the speeches made at the annual meeting of the American Association of Scientists?

3. Will a Technocratic Supreme Court be required to fix the amount of energy used by Babe Ruth in striking out with the bases full?

But let's go over this Technocracy thing more slowly. It's one of those subjects you can't handle when taking sharp corners on two wheels.

Now then, the idea behind Technocracy is this: the country is too full of machinery.

What's the result? Machinery has thrown everybody out of work except the authors of gangster scenarios, radio crooners, Hollywood actors and Technocrats. There are now so many men sitting around the country in pajamas with no reason for getting dressed that there are no customers for any machine products except poorhouse busses, tin cups, shoe strings and non-shatterable gavels for bankruptcy courts.

Is everything clear thus far?

Not very, but let us proceed anyhow.

With no buyers, the machines have stopped working, and this has produced a situation where the entire population of the United States is in the same position as a man, his wife and four children caught in the top car of a broken-down Ferris wheel. Nobody has anything to do but think up new ideas, and the Technocracy idea has gone over best due to the fact that all the newspaper editors in the country ran the Technocracy descriptions in full because they couldn't get the drift of the stuff well enough to boil it down to a synopsis.

The flow of energy will be accurately measured

And in no time the papers were giving almost as much space to the Technocrats as they gave to Al Capone, Greta Garbo and the legs of Babe Ruth and Marlene Dietrich. Naturally the people assumed that anything that could get so much space in so short a time must be at least as interesting as any fad that swept the country since Tom Thumb golf.

Nobody understands Technocracy fully as yet, and it will continue to be a household topic of conversation until somebody comes along and explains it simply. Hence this article. Let us take it up chapter by chapter and not hurry the downstroke:

I. Abolition of Banks, Bond Salesmen, Henry Ford, Palm Beach, Quantity Production, J. P. Morgan, Slip Covers for Yacht Upholstery, and Pony Polo.

Dropping back for a kick from behind their own goal posts, the Technocrats would do away with politicians, industrialists, bankers, all trust company vice presidents and liveried chauffeurs. (This is to be done with vanishing cream or a strong acid.) Orthodox money, personal initiative and the putting aside of anything for a rainy day will also be scrapped.

This will leave everybody on a common level and with an equal distribution of worries. Are ya listenin'?

II. So What?

From here the Technocrats take a sharp left past the Soldiers' Monument and turn the country over to the scientists and engineers who come out of a huddle with a loud cheer, take up the slack, arrange a definite schedule of production, distribution and consumption and see that everybody in the United States is kept happy by blueprints and scale drawings.

Difficult? Why, it's only a wrist motion. (Note: The curtain will be lowered at this point to allow you to make soundings and see if you are over your head.)

III. Mister, Can You Spare Some Energy Certificates for a Cup of Coffee?

It is the theory of Technocracy that all civilization founded on physical energy can be measured, just like milk, wheel bases, Notre Dame runs, chest expansions and the water line of the Rex. Hence it is possible to measure the entire system of production, distribution and consumption. Now then, if you don't mind stepping to one side, the Technocrats will abolish the present price system, classify all paper money as confetti and relegate all coins to the category of fishline sinkers. Nothing will be as old-fashioned as a man who carries a check book and thinks he has a bank account.

IV. Pardon My Fog

The next step is to substitute energy for money as a measurement of work. Positively no guesswork. The flow of energy as represented by labor will be accurately measured. Thus when a man does a job the amount of energy he puts into it will be measured and he will be paid in a certificate of energy units. All he has to do is to take these down to the shopping center and exchange them for the little things of life. All goods will be priced in terms of the energy units required to produce them.

From this it will be realized that a man in a Roxy orchestra playing six kettle drums at a time and also handling the cymbals and castanets will always be better heeled with certificates than the men who wash elephants.

V. No Demonstrations, Please!

Under this heading we come to the hours of labor. You'll want to read this part twice. The working schedule for all men will be four hours a day, four days a week, with eight weeks' vacation. That's their story and they are sticking us with it. And they have it figured out that this schedule will enable the country to live ten times better than it did in 1929. Where has this Technocracy been all our lives?

VI. Technocracy in the Home

And fancy the dialogues in the Great American home under Technocracy!

"Lester," the wife will say, "can you spare a little something to go shopping?"

"What did you do with those three energy certificates I gave you yesterday, Ella?"

"I bought one of those new spring hats described in the last government bulletin. The Technocrats allowed only 345 to be manufactured, so I won't see the same hat on a lot of other women."

"Here's two certificates I got for my energy flow on a barn-painting job this morning. While you're downtown I wish you'd buy me a pair of those suspenders which I'm entitled to according to the last government measurement of supply and demand for something to hold my pants up."

Right here in this article our stenographer inquired, "What becomes of people when they get old and run out of energy?"

That's simple: No matter how old you get you will always have enough energy to swap for a couple of three-minute boiled eggs and a slice of rye bread.

Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

Football players will always be well heeled

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

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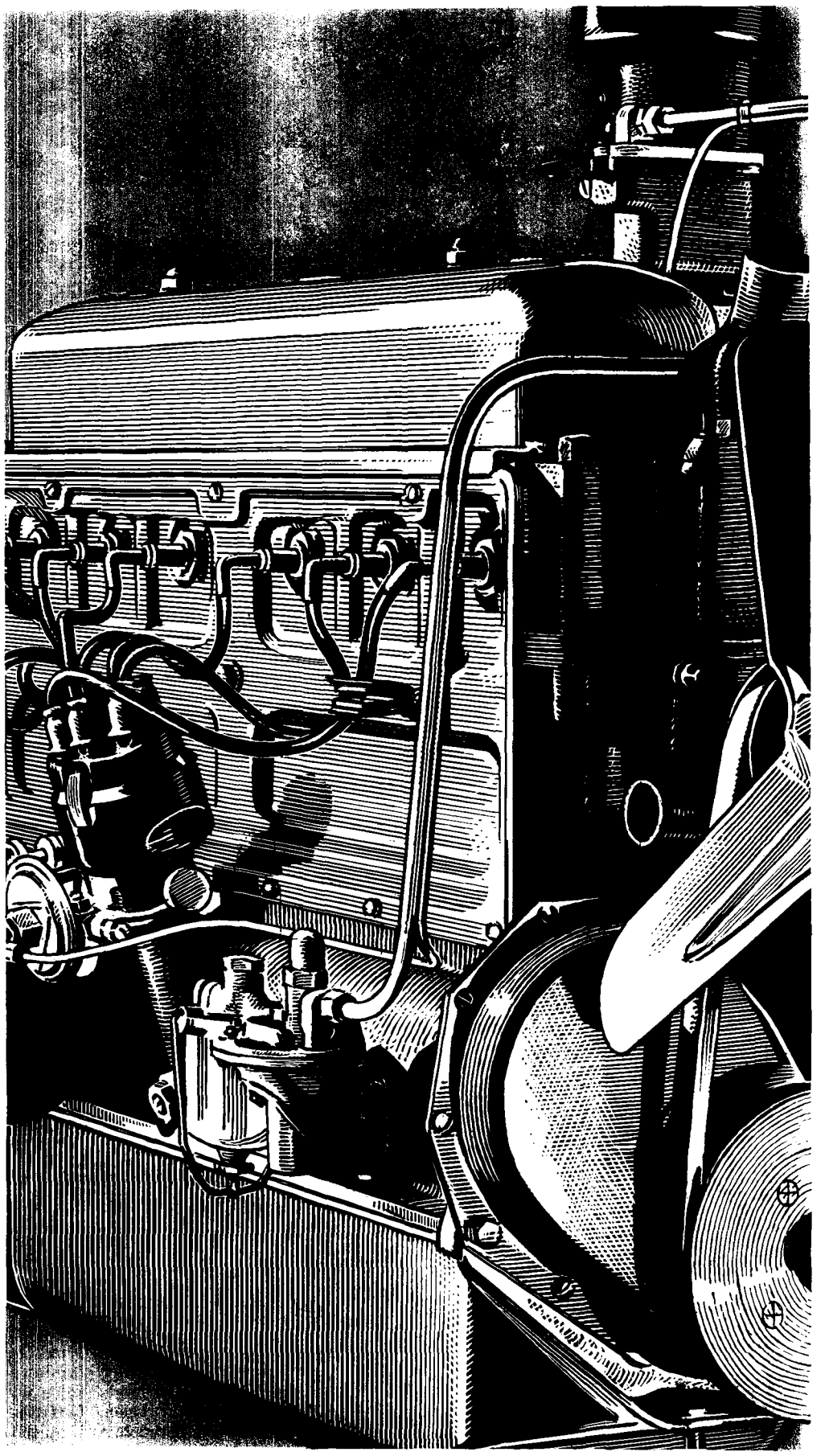

There's one hard and fast rule to guide you in choosing the right truck—*and it never fails!* Raise the hood. Count the cylinders. Check the location of the valves. *And be sure the engine has SIX cylinders! OVERHEAD valves!* Without these two features, there's no use expecting a low-priced truck to do the kind of job a Chevrolet does. You can't expect it to be as economical. Or to stand up as well. Or to last as long. In the first place—you've got to have *SIX cylinders* in order to kill destructive vibration. And vibration is the one worst enemy of truck economy. It loosens vital parts. Increases friction and wear. And sends repair bills soaring. For an equally important reason, you've got to have *OVERHEAD valves.* It's much *easier* and *cheaper* to service an engine with the valves in the head. You can also get *more power* out of it, *at the least cost for gas, oil and upkeep.* In airplanes, racing cars, famous speed-boats, in every type of transportation that *has* to be dependable, under the most trying conditions, you'll find multi-cylinder motors with *OVERHEAD valves!* Take a look at the big, husky Chevrolet special truck engine. *Right there,* as the cost-records of hundreds of firms prove, is the most economical source of truck power available today. *SIX cylinders?* Of course. *OVERHEAD valves?* Of course. It's the only engine in a low-priced truck that has *both.* And don't forget—this valve-in-head six powers one of the sturdiest, most efficient haulage units on the road today: *the new improved Chevrolet!*—the truck that now features over one hundred mechanical improvements and advancements. And sells at new reduced prices as much as $70 lower than last year!

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From a Sport

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By John B. Kennedy

The envelope dropped and bills fell on the floor. Frantic, he picked them up, to thrust and crush them back into the envelope

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

FIGURE as they would, Jenkins and his wife always arrived at an irreducible minimum of two hundred dollars. They were only experienced a year and a half in marriage, but they wanted to carry off the event properly. Hospital, doctor and necessary details—it would cost every cent of two hundred dollars. And they didn't have it.

This night—as every night—when he rode to work in the Loop, Jenkins figured how his meager salary could be budgeted to finance the event. In his newspaper, as he alternated between figuring and reading, a picture and a story embittered him. Jenkins worked at night—long, weary hours—and here was a hoodlum who had never known an honest day, being tried for defrauding the government out of a two-hundred-thousand-dollar income tax!

As Jenkins studied the hoodlum's picture in court as he sat between two alert, hawk-like lawyers, bitterness blazed through his mind; but habit checked rebellious thought as the train ground to a halt at his station. He folded his paper, stuffed it in an overcoat pocket and bustled out with a string of other passengers bound for night work or pleasure.

Along a street of brilliant façades islanded by lowering skyscrapers he passed under the eaves of an enormous hotel, and slipped through a by-street into the dimly lighted side doorway of the building where he was to spend the ensuing eight hours.

At that time hundreds of guests were in that hotel Jenkins had passed. In the smoke-filled parlor of a suite midway up, four of them sat around a table, watching tensely two men who faced each other, arguing.

"What are you quitting now for?" one man on his feet—a burly man in silk shirt-sleeves—asked. "You're well ahead."

The other man, burly enough, but with a younger and shrewder face, smiled. In his hands was a bunch of bills. He flipped the bills, counting them expertly, and tucked them in an inside pocket.

"Stay and have a drink and another few hands," said the first man.

"No, Barney. I gave you your chance. I'm going."

"What the hell!" growled Barney, flushed. But somebody at the table did something to Barney, tapped his foot or made some other signal. Barney's thick lips pouted, his heavy shoulders shrugged. He went to the sideboard and swallowed another drink. . . .

As he walked along a carpeted corridor towards a red elevator sign, Dolan hastily plucked the pad of bills out of his pocket. Without pausing in his walk, he extracted a long envelope from the same pocket, an envelope addressed and stamped. Quickly he slipped the money into the envelope, sealed the flap and, before pressing the elevator button, dropped the filled envelope down a mail-chute slot.

Out of an eye corner he saw a man he recognized. When he got into a cab the man was behind him. He followed Dolan into the cab.

"It's going to do you no good, Shorty," said Dolan.

Shorty sneered beneath a drooping hat-brim. His lean, expert hands went in and out of Dolan's pockets as he sat there, the cab stuttering through traffic.

"This won't do you any good at all," Dolan repeated. "It's in the mail—I dropped it down the hotel chute. Try and get it from Uncle Sam and see where you'll be."

"Cute," said Shorty, leaving the cab. "Fifteen grand."

"Yeh," smiled Dolan. "And it's my last game with your bunch of bum sports."

"You're tellin' me!" barked Shorty, slamming the cab door.

THE cab passed a dimly lighted doorway behind which a postal clerk named Jenkins was doing his night's work, his nimble fingers flicking through stacks of envelopes, decanting them from counters into bags—punctuating this monotony infrequently by plucking out some envelope torn or otherwise defectively mailed.

He worked mechanically, his mind turning from the problem of two hundred dollars and a waiting wife to a gangster prince hiring able men to beat the government out of untold thousands.

"It's a man—I don't know who"

An envelope with a loose flap came into his hand. He plucked it out, and the flap tore. The green of money struck his gaze like a blow. He stared, fascinated. He paled; then, trembling, he pushed the envelope back—under a heap of defective mail.

Again machine-like he resumed his labors. After a while he felt alone. Looking around, he was alone. His mates must have spoken casually, about going out to eat—and have left him.

Taking the envelope from under the heap of mail, Jenkins looked up sharply. Then he peeped into it. There was no paper—only money. He read the address—T. J. Dolan—a West Side street number which he knew to be a bank. He looked at the money. He saw six or seven one-hundred-dollar bills—and there were more.

His forehead dampened. Something cramped in his stomach. He pulled the green eyeshade lower on his forehead. It flashed through his fevered mind that this was crooked money. Honest money wasn't mailed loose like that. Honest people used checks.

He was aware of temptation—and of something else: an instinct to reject tainted stuff. More than one still, small voice whispered—another unborn voice buttressed the habit of conscience acquired through years of handling the property of others.

Yet it seemed to him that he stood holding the envelope for hours. Suddenly panic seized him: the fear of hidden observation points where some spotter could see him. His hands trembled. The envelope dropped and bills fell on the floor. Frantic, he picked them up, to thrust and crush them back into the envelope. He pulled at a roll of sticker-tape, ripped off a length, split it and sealed the envelope.

Then he looked up, fearful that he had been seen. He had. A heavy-set man in a soiled fedora—a man with cold gray eyes and blue jowls—moved towards him. Jenkins shook to his shoes.

"Give me that envelope," the man said.

Jenkins handed it over.

"Come with me."

Jenkins followed the man. They paused at the locker row.

"Get your things," said the officer.

In the chief clerk's office of the sub-station the man summoned another clerk. Together they searched Jenkins. They found a pipe, a tin of tobacco and eighty-five cents in change.

"You can go home now," said the officer.

"I didn't take anything," Jenkins quavered.

"You'll be sent for," said the man.

"But I—" Jenkins began.

The man waved him out.

His wife was surprised at his early home-coming. He said nothing. He ate nothing. He went out to walk the cold, early-morning streets—tortured by remembered reading of cases where men were sent to prison on circumstantial evidence. Whoever had mailed that money might claim he had mailed more than the envelope contained!

WEARILY, he returned to his home. He toiled up three flights of stairs, and let himself into the flat.

The downstairs buzzer sounded. Jenkins started. His wife went to the hallway and pressed the button opening the downstairs door.

"Who is it?" Jenkins demanded, as she stood looking over the banister.

"It's a man—I don't know who," she said limply.

Heavy footsteps trod stair by stair. Then the man in the soiled fedora entered. Jenkins faced him, pale and trembling.

"I tried to telephone you," said the officer. "You haven't got a phone. So I came out."

He smiled.

"That money was all safe. Okay. And the feller that owned it was a sport. Here's the proof."

He handed Jenkins an envelope. It contained two hundred dollars.

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The Bonus paid for this Advertisement

¶ *We, the veterans who made this advertisement possible by borrowing against our bonus certificates, demand that the Government*

STOP OFFERING US THE PEOPLE'S MONEY

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WE call ourselves the Justice Committee because we demand of Congress *Justice* to the war wounded, *Justice* to the war dead and *Justice* to the American people.

We are not arguing either for or against the Bonus law (Adjusted Compensation Act) *as it now stands.* But we want the people of this nation to know and understand the following facts:

THAT over $400,000,000* of the people's money are spent every year on ex-service men and their dependents *who suffered no injury whatever in war.* This is nearly 1/8 of the total federal budget; about 12 cents per dollar.

THAT this money (which does not include the bonus) is spent on:

1. Veterans of the Spanish-American and World Wars who have become disabled **since** these wars and through their peace-time activities; automobile accidents, falls, street accidents, bronchitis . . . These veterans are treated in veteran hospitals at the expense of the people and many are paid allowances in **cash.**

2. Veterans of the World War who have developed certain diseases up to **six years** after the war but "presumed," contrary to the best medical opinion, to have been caused **by** the war.

These veterans get the same compensation as men **wounded in action;** sometimes more than widows of the **War dead.**

Since these laws, and because of them, new taxes paid by the mass of the people have become necessary. Federal taxes on gasoline, cosmetics, movies, radios, telephone service are not paid only by the rich. Out of every dollar paid in such taxes 12 cents goes to veterans not injured in war. If Congress had repealed those laws in 1932, much of this new burden on the whole people would not have been necessary.

We urge the repeal of existing laws offering benefits for non-war disabilities. We demand that the following laws be not passed:—

1. An act to pay now the face value of adjusted compensation certificates due in 1945.

2. Any act benefiting widows or dependents of veterans dead from other than war causes.

We ask every citizen to help us in this cause with **his influence** and **his vote.** And we ask veterans who are interested in our work to fill in the coupon below in order that we may send them further information.

**Figures compiled by U. S. Chamber of Commerce. Other statistics are higher.*

JUSTICE COMMITTEE
OF THE
AMERICAN VETERANS ASSOCIATION

New York Central Building ' ' ' *New York,* N. Y.

JUSTICE COMMITTEE American Veterans Association
Room 1415, New York Central Building, New York, N. Y.

As a veteran of the World War I believe in your objectives as stated in your advertisement. Please send me further information about your organization and its work against privileged class legislation.

Name .....

Former Organization and Rank ..... Army, Navy or Marine Corps

Street Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

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"He doesn't. I make myself unhappy. I told you, he doesn't even know I'm alive."

"I don't know who he is, Suzanne, but one thing I'll bet—he loves you." His voice was matter-of-fact. "He may not be giving you any sort of a whirl just now for some reason or other of his own. But hearing you tell about the sort of bird he is, I can guess how he feels about you."

THE next afternoon Suzanne was in the main corridor. Carl Renault suddenly appeared from the lounge-room. He stood there, looking about eight feet tall. "I was hoping I'd run into you," he said. "Hello!"

That was how glorious things happened. Casually like that, as though they were everyday, commonplace things. While the hospital life went on around you. While the ambulance clanged up to the admission-ward door, while dressing-trays went past. While you stood there and could neither speak nor move. While ordinary gray-colored people went on about their petty business, a marvelous person stood like a king and, without more than the little word "Hello" spoken with his lips, said:

"Hello, Suzanne Kerr, busy little nurse, stop your drab concerns for a second and look at me. Admire me. Fall down and worship me. You're tired of illness, of people who go about their work attending to their business, you're tired of a steady interne who loves you and makes love a prosaic thing like counting a pulse. Look at me—I'm back. I kissed you once. I'm romance. I'm glamour. I'm the outside world. I wear soft tweeds, I laugh, I dance, I know nothing about sickness and I care less. I stand for everything carefree. I'm the joy of life— Hello, Suzanne Kerr."

"How do you do, Mr. Renault?" said Suzanne. "You haven't had another accident?"

He grinned at her. "Just a broken heart." He stood there with the lounging, fleet-looking laziness that had been restored to him by Dr. Pulley, who was lame, and by Dr. Evans, who was stocky and thick and had no trace of glamour. But it was of those men that he was thinking. Those men who had suffered and bled that he might return to his laughing world intact.

"I dropped in," he said, "to say howdy to Pulley and Evans."

SUZANNE KERR lifted her golden eyes to his. So he knew how Evans and Pulley had worked over him, how much more they had done than they were paid to do. Her delight in his responsiveness was like a tap dance in her heart. He had come back to thank them. She knew he was poor, he could do no more than that. But that he *could* do. And here he was. It was like him.

"You wanted to thank them," she murmured. Her eyes were soft and shadowy. "You wanted them to see how marvelous a *job* they did."

"They certainly put me together again," he agreed cheerfully. "Is Pulley around, do you know?"

"He just finished operating," said Miss Kerr. "I don't believe he has left the building."

He looked worried. "Don't want to miss him," he said. "They told me he'd be down here before he left."

"He usually does come here. I'll look for him if you like. Is there any message I can give him?"

"Well," he said thoughtfully, considering, "I don't believe so. I wanted to see him." He drew out his cigarette case. "I'm down in Wall Street, you know."

"Yes," said Suzanne. "I know. You're with Werner and Fort. I remember Mr. Fort coming to see you while you were still in bed."

"Yes. Great guy, Fort. Though he's a little down on me just now. Says I've got to get some business."

"But you couldn't get business when you were sick!" she said indignantly. "What does he think?"

He shrugged. "Couldn't say. Anyway, I've got this hospital bill to pay and my car that I smashed up wasn't insured." He seemed to flinch. "However, that's neither here nor there. The thing is, I've something really good I want to let Pulley in on."

"You mean a stock he can make money on?" said Miss Kerr. And, at his nod: "How lovely of you to think of it—to remember what he did for you." Again that tap dance in her heart. This refusal to be indebted; it was a kingly way of insisting on life as an art or at least as a way of grace.

"Yes, Pulley can make a pile on Coast to Coast Utilities," said Carl Renault, "and I want to see him do it."

"Coast to Coast Utilities," echoed Miss Kerr.

"It's one of our best buys," said the man whom Dr. Pulley had saved from lameness or worse. "And I'm sure if Pulley knew about it—"

"Coast to Coast Utilities," Miss Kerr said again, carefully.

"Yes, it's a listed stock," he said patiently. He appeared to try to remember that women were stupid about business.

"I hope it's an awfully good stock," said Miss Kerr. "Dr. Pulley has a reputation for getting huge prices but only we hospital people know how much of his work is done for nothing." Through nights of pain and darkness she could see the little surgeon performing his magic with no hope of financial gain.

"Well, he must have plenty salted away, at that," said Carl Renault. In his fine blue suit he glanced up and down the corridor. "I don't see him anywhere and I've got to sell him. Baby needs shoes."

"SHOES," said Miss Kerr. She looked down at his feet. Miss Cross had commented on his hand-sewn shoes. Nothing but the best for this man who knew not the humdrum world of necessity. Who looked, with his air of arrogance and plenty, so out of place in the lean world of the hospital.

She looked up again at Mr. Renault. "It seems so odd," she said, "for you to be coming back here for—for business reasons."

He appeared slightly uncomfortable. "You think I should not bring business into this," he said, "but that's foolishness, of course. A customer's man lives by his connections. And I ought to get *something* out of the weeks I spent here."

There was a silence. "Something besides your health and a rebuilt body," said Miss Kerr quietly. "I suppose that is true. I see what you mean." Her face was as calmly placid as when she was with a patient. She smiled now, and her eyes were framed with small, dark shadows. "If you'll wait in the lounge," she said, "I'll find some of the doctors."

Then she was hurrying up the corridor, up to the third floor. Barry Evans was in the office with some plates that had just come from the X-ray room. She looked at the wet plates, at Dr. Evans busy over them. There was nothing Dr. Evans could not read in a plate, she was thinking. He was really marvelous about that.

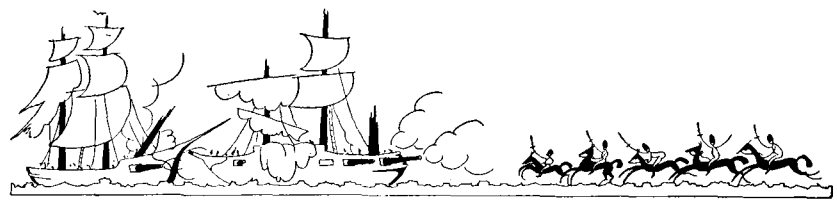
He looked up and grinned at her. "It's a spiral fracture of the femur," he said. "A beauty." You would think his whole life was bound up in that X-ray. He was interested, like a man who has never known what it is to feel an outside thought.

"BARRY," said Miss Kerr. "Barry." She leaned lightly on the desk, and her uniform seemed to accentuate her youth and her pale loveliness by its blanched stiffness. She looked as if she were going to faint. But she gazed at the familiar office as though she were seeing it for the first time. For months she had been feeling an urge to leave it all permanently. The outside world only had seemed to promise happiness and glory. And now she glanced around as though she had come here to rest, to watch life work out its problems, to give what help she could. She had seen the outside world and it seemed to her a land of wolves.

(Continued on page 30)

As a Gentleman Should

Continued from page 9



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Only once have soldiers on horseback been known to capture a fleet of ships at sea. It occurred in Holland in January, 1794, when French cavalry surrounded and seized a number of Dutch men-of-war that were icebound in the Zuyder Zee.—*By F. B. Greenleaf, Chicago, Illinois.*

No oil painting in existence is thoroughly dry.—*By P. J. Kolean, Holland, Michigan.*

A three years' experimentation with 1,000 cancerous rats has proved that these growths can be arrested by the application of X-rays to the pituitary gland instead of to the malignant growth itself.

Russia's recent newspaper development has been phenomenal. In 1914 it had only 162 papers, printed in one language, with a combined circulation of 2,700,000. Today it has 1,409 papers, printed in 49 languages, with a combined circulation of 30,800,000.

Playing classical music on the piano requires faster conscious and subconscious thinking than any other activity. Notes and fingering, accidentals, interpretations, pauses, phrasing, pedaling, meter and rhythm of some pieces demand 60 mental operations a second.—*By Jane Farwell, Dodgeville, Wisconsin.*

The world still contains primitive tribes that live as their ancestors did many thousands of years ago. They wear no clothing, have no homes and cannot make fire. Some of them do not even realize that the sun is the source of daylight.

Few Americans or Europeans have ever become accustomed to an unusual service that is virtually forced upon tourists in the hotels of Japan. When a guest takes a bath, she or he is assisted by a maid whose chief duty is to scrub one's back.

Xerxes, King of Persia about five centuries B. C. and one of the most intelligent men of his time, became so angry at the sea, when it destroyed his two bridges of boats during a storm, that he had his army beat it with sticks.

About sixty years ago families in the slums of our larger cities were so poor that they had to buy their food from "second-hand meat" markets, stores selling scraps which had been left from meals served in hotels and restaurants.—*By T. F. Moriarty, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

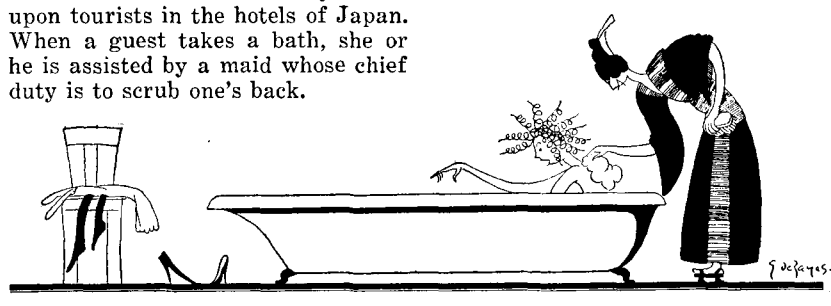
Since the repeal of prohibition in Finland the police, in their efforts to catch intoxicated drivers, have arrested so many innocent persons and caused so many court scenes that they now use an alcohol-detecting device which scientifically shows whether the accused person has been drinking.

An average of about 85 new books are published every day in the English language.

A new effective cure for stomach ulcers is an extract of the gastric mucous membrane of swine, served in ice cream, malted milk or fruit juice.

Occasionally Sing Sing Prison receives letters from men of seemingly sound minds requesting an incredible favor—that they be put to death in the electric chair.—*By E. L. Davis, Detroit, Michigan.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by *satisfactory proof.* Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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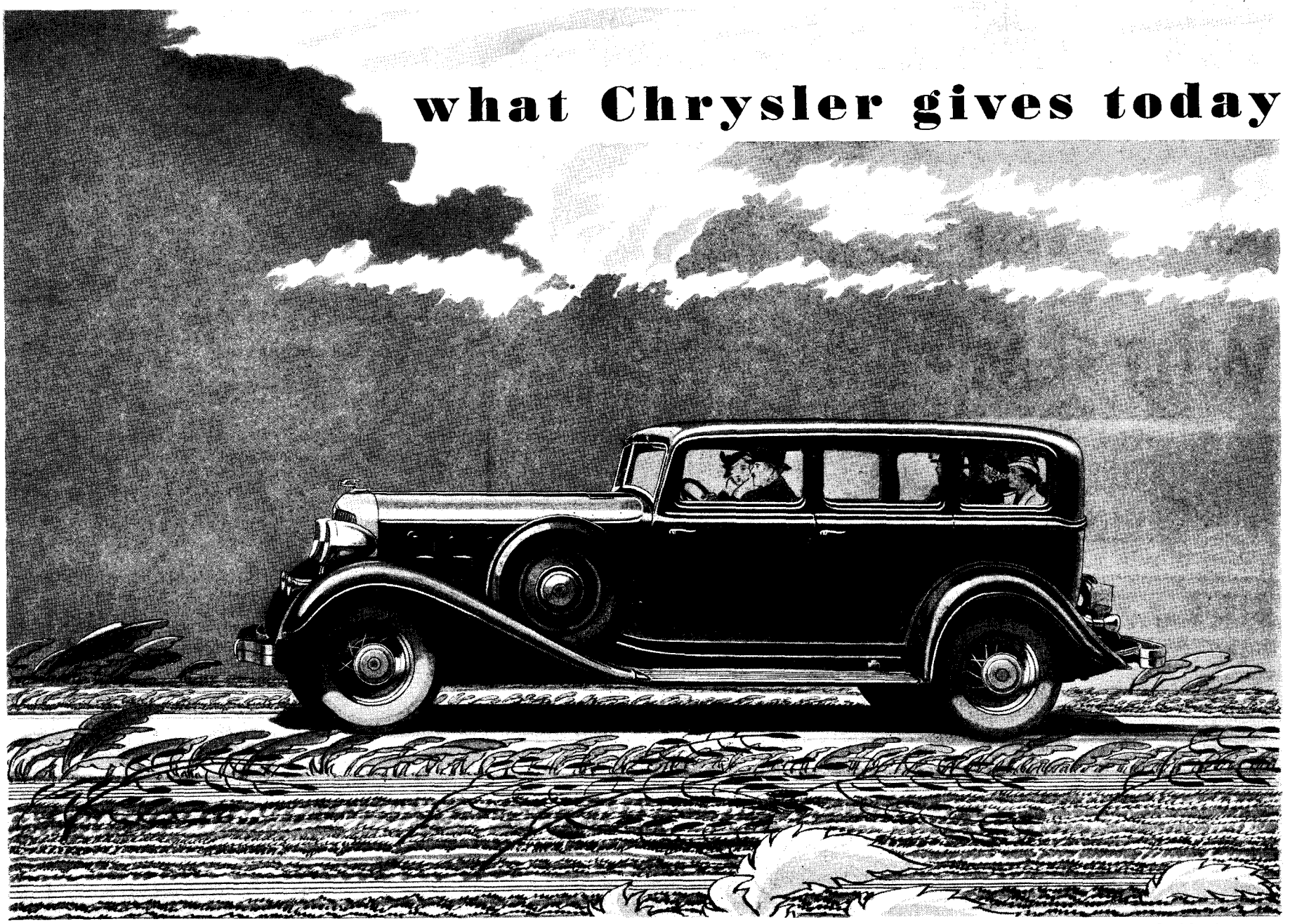
All cars must some day give what Chrysler gives today



1933 CHRYSLER ROYAL EIGHT SEDAN, $995 (*Special equipment extra*)

"THE FINEST CARS EVER TO BEAR MY NAME" — *W. P. Chrysler*

All cars must some day give what Chrysler gives today.

Chrysler's advanced engineering gives you NOW the performance, beauty, smoothness and value that others hope some day to equal.

For all cars must some day give that sparkling performance that only Chrysler has today. A way must be found to match Chrysler's flashing acceleration . . . Chrysler's breath-taking speed . . . and the incomparable smoothness of Chrysler's celebrated patented Floating Power.

All cars must soon provide the safety Chrysler gives today . . . the safety of Chrysler's all-steel insulated bodies and low center of gravity; of Chrysler's matchless hydraulic brakes—always equalized, always sure; of Chrysler's steadiness and roadability; of Chrysler's double protection safety glass windshields.

All cars must sometime match the practical benefits of Chrysler's hard steel alloy valve seats that insure proper sealing of compression and greatly reduce valve grinding . . . Chrysler's squeak-proof Oilite springs that never need lubrication . . . Chrysler's All-Silent transmissions—silent in first and reverse as well as second and high . . . Chrysler's T-slot pistons which will literally outwear the average car . . . Chrysler's Automatic Clutch and Free Wheeling.

Yes, all cars must some day give what Chrysler gives today. But NOW, you can enjoy all these extra advantages and value features only in a Chrysler.

Everywhere you hear that the new Chryslers have stolen a march on the whole industry for value. That's another big reason for seeing them, driving them . . . and *being happier by owning a Chrysler* . . . NOW!

CHRYSLER

THE SYMBOL OF GREAT ENGINEERING

1933 Chrysler Six; 83 horsepower, 117-inch wheelbase, six body types, $795 to $1055. 1933 Royal Eight; 90 horsepower, 120-inch wheelbase, five body types, $945 to $1195. 1933 Imperial Eight; 108 horsepower, 126-inch wheelbase, five body types, $1355 to $1595. 1933 Custom Imperial; 135 horsepower, 146-inch wheelbase, six body types, $2895 to $3595. All prices f. o. b. factory.

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Don't pamper your Whiskers, WILT 'EM

Bill Mennen

"Some fellows put their whiskers through a painstaking, pain-making course of sprouts every morning ... and even then they don't get a clean shave.

"It isn't necessary to treat your whiskers like a troupe of prima donnas. WILT is the big word in shaving. WILT the stubbornest crop of whiskers and they *come clean!*

"'Wilt whiskers'—that's what Mennen Shaving Cream does *automatically*. No fuss. Simply brush up the moist, cool lather. Then start!

"What a difference! Your blade cuts clean and close without stalling or 'bucking' or scraping the skin. Those tough whiskers come off like young fuzz. Why? . . . Because Mennen contains specially processed *tri-stearin*. That probably doesn't mean a thing to you—but take it from me, it's the greatest whisker-wilter known!

Help Yourself to Skin Health

"Every Mennen shave is *more* than a shave. It's also a *Skin Health Treatment*. Mennen lather gets into pores—deep in—loosens imbedded dirt deposits. Those deposits are the chief skin mischief-makers—often the cause of pimples, blackheads, muddy skin. After your Mennen shave you wash them away! Your face looks cleaner. And feels like 'Come on—let's GO!'"

After the Shave—Mennen Skin Bracer cools and conditions the skin. Mennen Talcum for Men kills face shine—doesn't show.

MENNEN

SHAVING CREAMS

2 KINDS: PLAIN and MENTHOL-ICED

P.S.—For brushless fans I have perfected Mennen Brushless Shave. It's Creamy-Not Greasy

As a Gentleman Should

Continued from page 28

"Barry," said Miss Kerr, "you know what I told you on the roof the other night?"

For a moment he didn't answer. Presently he laid down the plate carefully. "I seem to recall the conversation," he said flatly. Looking a trifle grim about his pleasant mouth, perhaps a trifle wary about his keen gray eyes.

"Well, he is here," said Miss Kerr. "He's downstairs, Barry."

"So?" said Dr. Evans evenly. He tapped the edge of the X-ray plate and if the world were a thing of rags and tatters about him no one would have known it from his impassive face. He put his hands into the pockets of his coat. "Glad for you, my dear—congratulations." He took out his stethoscope with an air of absent-minded ease. "I think I'll—"

But she interrupted him. "Yes, he's here," said Miss Kerr. "And he's the handsomest thing you ever saw." Dr. Evans said, looking plain and competent, that he was delighted to hear that. He edged toward the door. But something in her face stopped him.

"Something wrong, Suzanne?"

"Something wrong," said Suzanne and laughed strangely. "I don't know how to tell you." She looked at Dr. Evans' undecorative dark head. He was still standing there with his unromantic stethoscope, and his coat was somewhat wrinkled and he looked tired. He had had a bad night with a case in Ward A, she knew. "Your coat is all wrinkled," she said.

"My laundry is in my room," he said.

"Why don't you put a flower in your buttonhole," she said, "and act as though you were Apollo and have all of us nurses making a fuss over you?"

"Sounds delightful," said Dr. Evans. "Think I might need something else, though, to play the part of a romantic hero. Something tells me I wasn't cut out for the part." He stared at her. "Funny thing for you to be thinking about when your own Adonis is waiting for you."

"Yes, he is," said Miss Kerr. "But I wish you wouldn't go."

"All right," said Dr. Evans, and stuffed his stethoscope back into his baggy pocket. "What can I do for you?"

"He's down there: my hero," said Miss Kerr. "And he needs to make some money."

"Well, that hardly sets him apart from the rest of us."

"He has some stock to sell."

HE LOOKED at her. "I've got a little in the bank, Suzanne. Might as well invest it." Bland, receptive calm lay over him. "Glad to buy some."

"Stocks aren't awfully safe these days, Barry."

"Well," said Barry stoutly, "what is? I'd just as soon take a chance on stocks."

"This is one I know something about," said Miss Kerr. "I heard Mr. Renault's employer, Mr. Fort, talking to him about it one day when he came to visit him." She sat down wearily at her desk. The light shone on her hair. She looked very beautiful. "He said the stock wasn't worth anything now. They'd have to unload."

Barry Evans was watching her. "Lots of stocks aren't worth anything now," he said. "That doesn't mean a thing. That doesn't mean this chap of yours is trying to sell a gold brick."

"You wouldn't try to sell a stock you weren't sure of," said Miss Kerr.

"I couldn't sell the Hope diamond for a dime," said Dr. Evans. "Selling isn't my business; I'd be a flop at it."

He buttoned the upper button on his coat. Very carefully. She observed him. All at once he seemed to her the most amazing man she ever knew. "This stock does happen to be a gold brick," she said, "and yet you would buy it."

"Well," he said lightly, "I've always hoped I'd make a fortune some day on a fluke. Ready any time to take a chance."

Miss Kerr said nothing for a moment. Then, without lifting her head, her voice smooth as velvet, she said: "He knows the stock is bad and he wants to sell it to you and to Dr. Pulley. His name," she said, "is Carl Renault."

"Oh, yes," Dr. Evans said after a time, as though he were reading a set speech. "Well, I wouldn't let that worry me, Suzanne." His doctor's manner was back; you couldn't tell what he thought of Renault. At least, Suzanne couldn't. "Renault," he reminded her, "is all right. He's a salesman, and he's got to make good. I wouldn't hold this against him."

MISS KERR sat still. Then she laughed softly and politely, and somehow you could tell what she meant. She was through with Carl Renault. He was out of her dimension.

"He wants to see Dr. Pulley," she said. "Are you going to let them meet?"

Dr. Evans' face showed a tinge of embarrassment, but that passed. "I'll go down and see Renault," he said.

And Miss Kerr sat at her desk and rested her elbows on the blotter and her chin on her hands. Presently Barry Evans was back. "I forgot those plates," he said.

"Did you buy that stock?" asked Miss Kerr, because she simply had to know.

"Just a share or two," he said casually. "But Pulley had gone. I told Renault I was sure he wouldn't be interested."

Dr. Pulley had not gone—Suzanne knew that. She stood up and she no longer looked pale and frozen. She looked steadily at Barry Evans. Barry Evans, who stood for everything of which she had been so tired. He was there: real, honorable, substantial. And all at once Carl Renault was a dream so fragile she couldn't call it back. He was out of reason and out of focus, like something you saw when coming out of ether. Only Barry Evans was left, because he was the only one who had ever counted, really.

SHE went over and put her hand into his. He held it very gently. But she felt that his own hand was trembling. Without that, perhaps she mightn't have spoken.

"Of course, you know," she said, for she did not dodge issues nor like others to dodge them, "that I was infatuated with Carl Renault, and that now I think he's utterly worthless."

His face twitched. "You are making too much of that," he said, easily, kindly. "Renault isn't a wolf seeking whom he may devour. Don't get a lot of fool notions about him."

"A wolf, no." She could have forgiven a real quality, a real ugliness of character or of outlook. But she saw now that Renault was not even a bad man. He was something worse: he was merely tawdry, vain, unimportant. He made integrity meaningless. He knew nothing, really. And would never know.

Jessie Cross came along. "Did you want to make that examination, Dr. Evans?"

"In a minute," said Suzanne Kerr, and she looked at him as Miss Cross went away.

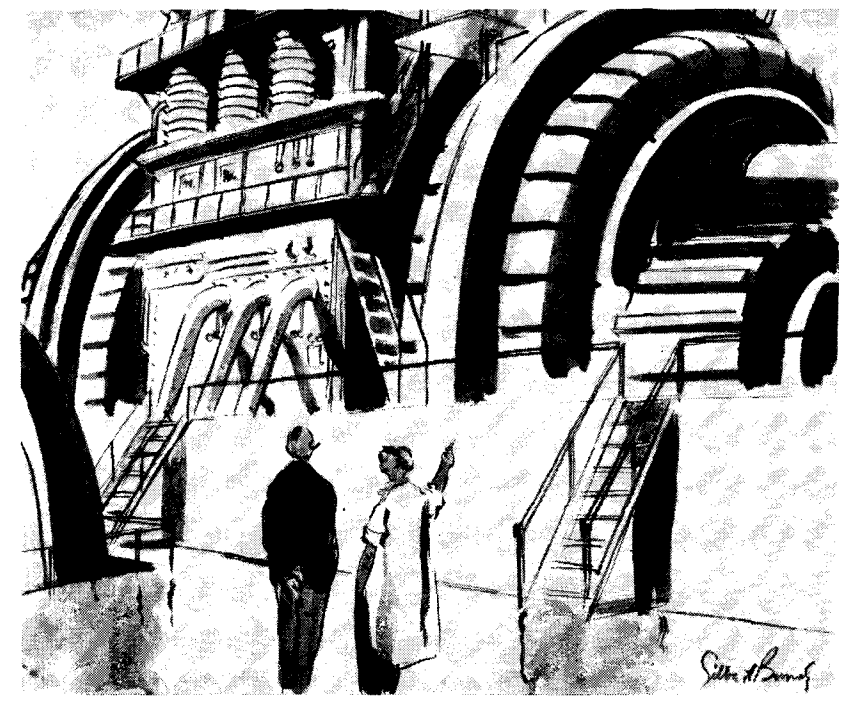
"I just wanted to tell you that I'm going to be married," said Miss Kerr. "In the profession."

He looked at her. He went a little white, and his mouth was set. She might, with more mercy, have used a scalpel.

"Married," said Dr. Evans. "And to what doctor?"

"To the greatest one in the world," said Suzanne Kerr proudly. Her lips were smiling. But he could see that her heart, winged with helpless adoration, was rising in a flight of its own. "To you, Barry, if you still want me."

"I was born wanting you," said Barry Evans.



"This machine will do away with unemployment—it does the work of one man and takes a hundred to operate it"

Gilbert Bundy

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SEE HOW LITTLE IT COSTS TO Telephone BETWEEN CITIES . . .
The rates quoted are for daytime station-to-station calls. Between 7:00 P.M. and 8:30 P.M. daytime station-to-station rates over 35 cents are reduced by 10 to 20 per cent. Between 8:30 P.M. and 4:30 A.M. the rates are about 40 per cent less than for daytime calls.
CHICAGO to MILWAUKEE $.50
PROVIDENCE to OMAHA $4.50
DENVER to SAN FRANCISCO $3.75
DETROIT to CLEVELAND $.60
ATLANTA to NEW ORLEANS $1.95
BUFFALO to NEWARK $1.30
PHILADELPHIA to LOS ANGELES $8.50
SEATTLE to LOUISVILLE $7.00

There are two classes of Long Distance calls: *station-to-station* and *person-to-person*. Station-to-station calls are cheaper, and very satisfactory when the caller will talk with any one who answers the called telephone. When the caller asks the operator for a specific individual, the person-to-person rate applies. Where the charge is 50 cents or more, a federal tax applies as follows: $.50 to $.99, tax 10 cents; $1 to $1.99, tax 15 cents; $2 or more, tax 20 cents.

JUST GLANCE at typical examples above, and see how little it costs to telephone hundreds or even thousands of miles. You will find the rates to places where you have relatives, friends or business associates in your own telephone directory. Or simply ask Long Distance.

Low cost is only one of the reasons so many business men use Long Distance. Speed is another; the average time required for completing a Long Distance connection today is less than two minutes. And the calls are very clear. Business of all kinds can be transacted quickly, efficiently and economically.

Long Distance likewise plays an important part in the home . . . in keeping friendships alive, exchanging birthday and anniversary greetings, extending invitations.

Many people, for both business and personal calls, take advantage of the lower rates in effect during the evening and night periods. Isn't there some one you would like to telephone, now? Try it; see how little it costs in money . . . how much it returns in satisfaction.

LONG DISTANCE MAKES A NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE NATION

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Raleigh
CORK TIPS
at no extra cost
15¢

BRIDGE CARDS FREE!

Now you can buy the famous Raleighs at the new low price. Plain—or cork tips at no extra cost. And when you save fifty of the coupons that now come in every pack, you get a fine deck of initialed U. S. Playing Cards. (Save 85 and get handsome bridge set of two decks in contrasting colors.) This offer good only in U. S. A.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.
Louisville, Ky.

Who'll Pay the Jobless?

Continued from page 11

The question which was asked me most often in my journeyings was whether the United States would be wise to adopt some form of Federal unemployment insurance. No doubt, with our experience as a guide, it would not be necessary to make all the old mistakes. The best features of the best plan could be adopted. But the question seems to me to turn upon another still graver question: Is the economic and industrial crisis going to pass, or is it to be our common fate for years and years? If the former—if the clouds are soon to roll away—it would be better for America to trust to the makeshifts of emergency rather than to build up a nation-wide organization on a permanent basis.

The "Veterans'" Debt to America

Political abuses have crept into our system, notwithstanding all our efforts. He would be a bold American who would feel quite sure that the widespread structure of unemployment insurance and the labor exchanges upon which it rests could be established throughout the length and breadth of the United States without—to put it mildly—here and there some political abuses creeping in too.

I was staggered in my travels when I realized what the "Veterans' Bonus" really meant. It had never occurred to me that any man could be called a "veteran" without having been through fire and fighting in battles, or things like that; but now I found that millions of men who had never been in action and very large numbers who had never left the United States considered themselves "veterans" and, having become class-conscious and well-organized, had compelled the legislature to treat them as though they had rendered some exceptional service, or suffered some grievous injury to their health and prospects in the Great War.

I yield to none in holding that the wounded, war-broken soldier who has risked life and limb in his country's cause is a sacred charge upon the assets of the State, and that the widows and orphans of those who fell in action at the front should receive proper and generous provision. But the veterans' agitation seemed to go far beyond this. That a young man, whether volunteer or conscript, should serve for a few months in time of national danger and receive a military training is no hardship—on the contrary, to the great majority it was a benefit. It was a healthy training and education for them to be toned up in the camps of a gallant army, to wear an honored uniform and feel a hero. These ex-soldiers are in many cases the debtors, and not the creditors, of their native land. However, they have the votes and they know how to use them.

This makes me wonder whether the setting on foot of the gigantic machinery of unemployment insurance in the United States would not give another opening to the smaller professional class of politicians to extort wrongful favors from the State. Thus, massed voting power would open one door after another for inroads upon the public finances. These four or five million ex-soldiers, were, in their day, the flower of the nation. An equal number of unemployed, although representing mainly unmerited misfortune, would certainly not comprise the strongest class of citizens, or the most active and competent workers.

It is the weaker brethren who in such times as these are the first to fall under the flail of poverty, and with them are inevitably associated many discontented and not a few subversive elements. An "unemployed vote," marshaled round an organization of its own, in contact at every point with the Federal government and with its revenues, might bring dangers upon the United States of the gravest kind. The experiment is certainly one to which no sober-minded American should lightly resort.

But, on the other hand, if the present paralysis of world trade and of home production and consuming power alike is to continue indefinitely; if the statesmen at the head of all the countries cannot or will not find any remedy; if the means of earning an honest livelihood are to be denied for many years to vast numbers of would-be workers skilled at their tasks and formerly prosperous, then some scientific, regular and permanent method of coping with distress will inevitably be forced upon Washington.

For this problem of unemployment is the most torturing that can be presented to civilized society. Consider the lot of the workless man. Leaving out the lazy or the sulky, consider only the ordinary hard-working man who cannot get a job, who has been for many months—and in our country sometimes for years—without anyone's requiring his services; he, the head of the family, who had undertaken to be its breadwinner, comes home night after night, week after week, after days of fruitless seeking. He sits in his chair and gazes on the wife and children for whose welfare he has accepted responsibility, whose shelter and nourishment he had been so sure of gaining by hard work. The boy, perhaps, has some half-time employment; there are more chances of girls finding work instead of men than formerly; his wife may have gained some money through extra housework. But he himself is nothing but a drone.

What's the Matter with Us?

If there is food in the pot, it is not he who has put it there; if the roof still stands overhead, it is not he who upholds it. He has become the dependent of those whom his dearest wish was to sustain; he is an unwanted surplus rotting alive in the stagnant pools of glut. He feels, often without putting it into actual words, that according to the existing economic laws, the world would get on better if he had never been born. It is his very existence which is challenged by the age in which he lives. Careful and faithful administration, immense sacrifices by the property-owning classes, may provide him with the means of keeping body and soul together; charity may give him his place in a bread-line. But these are the lowest of his troubles.

Of course the endurance of human beings is great. Were we not as tough as any animal that breathes on the globe, we should not be here. Almost anything can be put up with for a few months, for a winter, even for a year—or two. But if these conditions are to continue indefinitely or are even to get worse, then the whole structure of human and Christian society lies under mortal accusation.

If it is true that world depression and unemployment for nearly thirty million breadwinners in the most advanced countries of the world have come to stay, the sooner state-organized schemes, not merely for the sake of relief but for social security, are brought into operation the better. We have already elaborated them in our small but highly sensitized island. They will be needed even in the wide United States.

But why should these disasters come upon the fair modern world with its insatiable appetite to consume and enjoy, and all its boundless capacity to produce and invent? Why should not the nations join together to revive their prosperity? Why should not their rulers devise some practical method of measuring and exchanging their respective services and clearing the way for resumption of world-wide trade with one another? Why should the human race at the moment of its highest scientific and material development fall to the ground fatally injured by the very powers which it has wrested from Nature? This can only befall if we are found incapable of using the resources and unfitted to share the blessings and opportunities which are in our hands.

Nor should the task be too difficult; indeed, it is not the task that is hard, but the will to achieve it that is lacking. Half a dozen wise and resolute men, representing as many great countries, could, if they were agreed, give the orders awaited by hundreds of millions which would liberate mankind from its present dementia and start again the wheels of progress.

An Englishman Looks at Russia

There is, we must remember, another system of human government which wages inexorable war against capitalist civilization and the freedom bound up with it. It is fortunate indeed that, at this time when all our affairs are in so shocking a plight, the conditions of Communist Russia prove on a colossal scale the fallacy of a creed of hate. Bolshevized Russia, a few years ago the Utopia and Eldorado of all revolutionaries, has now become a scarecrow and a warning set upon the path. That astounding failure offers to the rulers of Europe and America a further breathing space in which to set their houses in order.

Almost any nation, with modern science, can shut itself in a pen and live a restricted life in isolation. No country could do so more readily than the United States. For us, too, there is the British Empire: we could shut ourselves up in that and, if properly defended against external violence, we could live entirely on our own. But never could the United States or the British Empire, however efficiently conducted, realize by themselves and apart from each other and the rest of the world the overflowing material prosperity which would follow world co-operation.

I believe we are separated by no more than the thickness of a sheet of paper, not only from our former strength, but from an almost unlimited expansion. What stands in the way is not any lack of resources or control of the physical globe, but only our own stupidity and discord.

We are standing today at one of the most decisive partings of the ways of history. The next few years will show whether we shall descend through isolation into poverty, through poverty into barbarism, and through barbarism into war—or whether we shall find our way back to the sunlight while time remains. It is a considerable choice.

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SIR:

Will you let your wife suffer the Fears of Ignorance when enlightenment lies in this booklet ?

Give her the wise solution to her most intimate problem,

Marriage Hygiene

You can say to yourself, "I can't be bothered clipping a coupon." Or shrug it all off as a woman's affair.

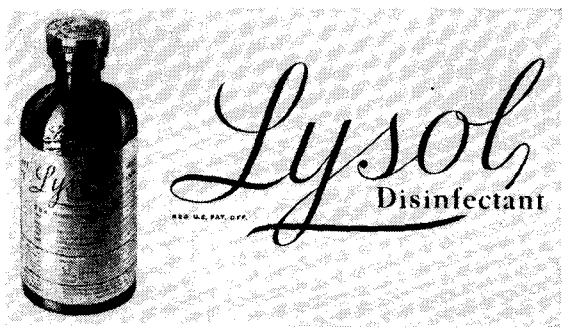
But sooner or later you will have to face the problem . . . when needless fears, caused by repeated feminine irregularities, continue to prey upon your wife. Threatening her happiness and looks, her health and nerves. Threatening the whole success of your marriage.

Isn't it unfair to ignore such fears? They vanish when a wife follows an approved and sensible method of marriage hygiene.

This booklet—"Marriage Hygiene"—tells frankly, simply, and non-technically the method of feminine antisepsis approved for many years by the medical profession. The "Lysol" method. "Lysol" disinfectant—the proper solution at the proper time. Doctors, hospitals and clinics, in their natural desire to use the safest and surest antiseptic, have tried them all. "Lysol" still stands out above all others because of four decided advantages:

1. "Lysol" is certain. Effective in the presence of organic matter. Weak, watery chlorine compounds lose 95% or more of their power under the same conditions.

2. "Lysol" is safe. Soothing and healing. It contains no free caustic alkali to burn and harden tender tissue.



3. "Lysol" reaches into hidden folds and crevices where other antiseptics often fail to penetrate.

4. "Lysol" never loses strength or effectiveness, no matter how long, or where you keep it.

Don't let fear be an ever-returning visitor in your home. A visitor that comes between you and your wife. Replace her fear with peace of mind. Replace worry—with knowledge.

Tell your wife to send for this booklet
(Or fill in her name and mail the coupon yourself)

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., *Dept. LC-2*
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Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of your new booklet —"Marriage Hygiene"—with articles by three internationally famous women physicians.

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DEPENDABLE AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

How Tammany Missed a Trick

Continued from page 16

Tammany Democrats were not all under the same Tammany boss. A block of eight of them came from Brooklyn. They were under Boss McCooey. Two of them came from the Bronx, and their boss was Mr. Flynn.

But there was one block of nine votes that could be controlled by one man, beyond any shadow of a doubt. That was the block of nine Democratic congressmen from Manhattan Island; from the sidewalks of New York; from Broadway and Forty-second Street, from East Side, West Side, the Bowery, Harlem—all simon-pure New Yorkers, with no outlander's touch of Brooklyn or the Bronx.

A Present of Nine Congressmen

Mr. Curry, boss of Manhattan's Tammany Hall, could tell these nine boys what to do and they would do it. Tammany Hall had given them their jobs as congressmen. Mr. Curry could take their jobs away from them at the drop of a hat at the next election. So Mr. Garner got in touch with Mr. Curry.

"Come down and see me," said Mr. Garner. "We need your boys to carry through the Democratic policies in the House this session."

Mr. Curry went to Washington, and Mr. Garner, who had just been elected Speaker of the House, made bold to take him to breakfast openly in the public dining-room of one of the capital's most fashionable hotels.

Almost before the two men had left the table word had spread around Washington:

"Garner is playing ball with Tammany Hall." Which was the case.

"If my boys don't stay here and support you, let me know." This was the gist of what Mr. Curry told Mr. Garner at that breakfast. "And I'll fix it up with them, in the meantime."

One trouble with the Broadway nine was that so few of its members ever troubled to get to Washington more than a few times during every session. It seemed to be more fun to enjoy the distinction, back on Broadway and in their home districts, of being called "Congressman" than to come to Washington and take part in the lawmaking.

They didn't move their families to Washington, as most other congressmen do. This was especially the case with the Manhattan Islanders. "Little old N'Yawk" was good enough for them. Several of the Greater New York delegation did not even have their Washington addresses listed in the congressional directory, as is the custom.

Why some of them ever wanted to go to Congress at all was a question until one congressman explained it by saying:

"A ten-thousand-dollar-a-year salary."

Only one Tammany congressman of the Manhattan nine actually lives in Washington. He is Sol Bloom. We all know him. He built the Midway at the Chicago Fair in 1893 and has been in the music-publishing business. He has a home on Sixteenth Street; very smart.

The rest of the Tammany delegation was as transient in Washington as traveling salesmen. They lived in hotels whenever they came to town, clannish people, wary of folks from the sticks.

Mr. Curry had a personal problem. He would have to visit Washington frequently. That would rouse suspicions.

Why should a Tammany leader be running back and forth between New York and Washington? Tammany leaders don't do this, normally. It is on record that Boss Croker once was enticed to Washington by Bourke Cockran, but hurried home as quickly as possible. Tweed never went there, at least officially; neither did Charley Murphy. Why go to Washington?

They tell a story at Tammany Hall of one old-time Tammany leader who found himself some years ago forced to go to Washington for political purposes. The only world he knew was his own Manhattan Island. Friends got him into a lower berth on a night train in the Pennsylvania station in New York, but he slept with great difficulty.

Next morning he looked wonderingly through the window and beheld a city. It was the nation's capital.

"By golly! Can you beat that?" he philosophized. "Wherever you go you see houses and people."

No, it wouldn't do for Mr. Curry to be disclosing any especial interest in the doings of Washington. He must have some other reason for going to the city. He found this reason by entering his son Robert in the School of Arts and Sciences at Washington's Georgetown University. Thereafter, whenever the newspaper reporters asked him why he was in Washington, Mr. Curry would smilingly say, "Why, I came down to see my son, and to go to the horse races in Baltimore."

So, having fixed up an alibi, Mr. Curry proceeded to the task of making his New York nine settle down to business. He did two things:

(1) He said to Mr. Garner: "If the delegation from New York does not make a practice of attending sessions of the House, let me know."

(2) He called a meeting of the Manhattan boys and said to them in gist: "You either stay here in Washington and attend every session of Congress or else you go back to New York for keeps."

It was a hard order for some of the boys. But what made it harder was that some of them were forced by Mr. Curry to become members of several very important committees. Mr. Curry wanted them on these committees.

The Mayor Who Ran Out

There was "Christie" Sullivan, for instance. He begged off. He faced, indeed, a terrifying prospect. A twist of politics based on Tammany's new power would have made this man, from "little old N'Yawk," the "mayor of Washington, D. C." In other words, he stood to become chairman of the House Committee on the District of Columbia. This is a hard job, which keeps a man as busy as the mayor of any other city. The last thing that this Broadway real estate man wanted to be was mayor of any town. He was put on another committee.

Emanuel Celler, a Brooklyn Democratic representative, was puzzled, too. The men in the press gallery used to say of Celler that he would, at rare intervals, duck into Washington, with a return ticket to New York in one hand and a statement for the press on some current subject in the other. He would hand the statement to the press, jump on a train and try to get back to New York in order to read the statement in the New York papers. When Celler was forced to become a member of the Ways and Means Committee, although he had been a member of five Congresses, it is said that it was necessary to introduce him to most of the committee members.

There were big jobs for Tammany men, but Tammany, with its eyes solely on New York City, had not been careful in previous years in selecting its personnel in the House. In other words, Tammany wasn't ready. It had been caught napping. With nineteen of twenty-one members from the city of Greater New York, Tammany did not have a single big and capable man. Mr. Garner, when he was elected Speaker of the House, hunted for a man to take his former position of Democratic leader on the floor. He yearned for old John F. Carew of the Tammany crowd, one of his old friends in the House. But Carew, one of the few able Tammany men in Congress, had been promoted to the bench in New York State. Mr. Garner turned to Illinois and selected Henry T. Rainey.

The plums which Tammany might have grabbed in this central law-making body of the nation could not be hers because there were no suitable Tammany hands to pluck them. Curry could have had almost anything he dared to ask for, but he didn't dare to ask much for fear of putting men of small talent into jobs that would be dangerously big for them.

The Mail Carriers' Friend

One Tammany man became chairman of the Committee on Claims; that job is a plum. Two old-time Tammany congressmen, Sullivan and Tom Cullen, went onto the Ways and Means Committee, which is a committee that helps to select committees.

Two of the Tammany community became members of the Postal Committee. I asked one wise congressman why Tammany wanted representation on this committee.

"Well, they don't want mail carriers' wages cut," he answered. "You see the Tammany men figure that every family knows its mail carrier. He's about the only daily visitor to New York homes that comes during the daylight hours and isn't trying to collect money from the family purse. If he went around on his beat saying, 'Congressman So-and-So cut my wages,' it would be hard going for the congressman in the next election."

But, in the main, the Tammany men got very little juice for themselves out of that balance-of-power plum during the Seventy-second Congress.

They voted according to orders from New York City.

You will notice in the congressional directory for the Seventy-second Congress, if you know how to study that complicated work, the fact that John O. Snyder, a cloakroom boy for many years, had been promoted from the position he held in the previous Congress.

Johnny for many years has been Tammany's cloakroom aide. Indeed, it was Johnny who helped the Tammany boys safely to remain absent from Washington on frequent occasions without injuring their official records.

Johnny's official title in the Seventy-first Congress was "minority pair clerk." He was on the pay roll of the House doorkeeper.

The Tammany boys greatly admired the skill with which Johnny carried out the difficult task of "pairing" for them. Now "pairing," it seems, is a great cloakroom activity.

Let's say that a certain congressman knows that he will not be present at the time a certain vote is called. He doesn't want his absence to prevent his vote being known to the folks back home.

(Continued on page 37*)*

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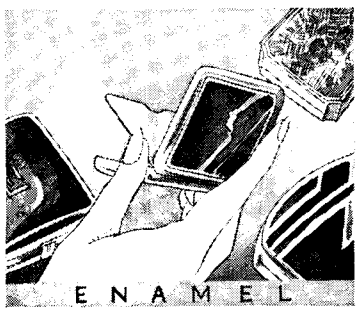
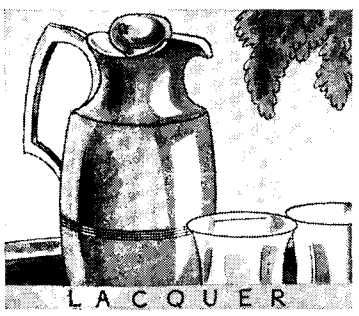
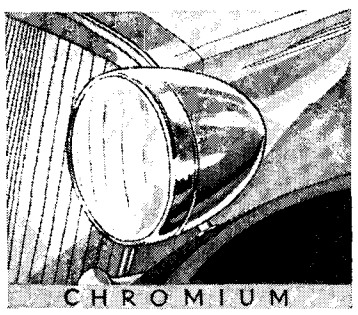
Interesting news about COPPER and BRASS



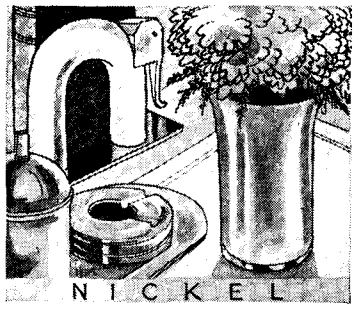
Enamel, like chromium, serves as a "wrapper". It's important to have solid copper or brass under the surface of that powder box, compact, etc.



Lacquer, too, will give lasting satisfaction only over a solid copper or brass base. That's how it's applied on the finest decorative wares.



Chromium plate *everywhere!* Auto headlights, hardware, trim. Electrical appliances. Table ware. Be sure there's no rustable metal beneath!



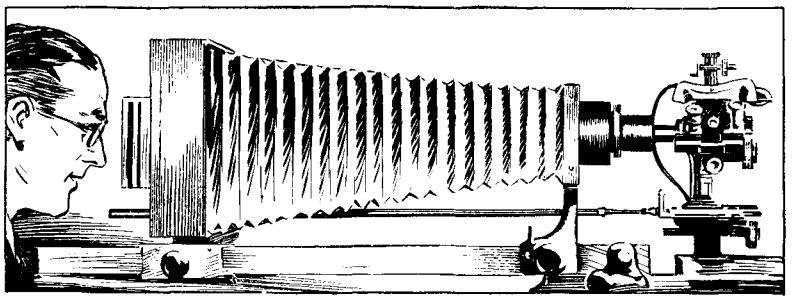
Too bad you can't take an "x-ray" picture of those handsome nickel-plated things. But you *can* ask, "Are they plated over solid copper or brass?"

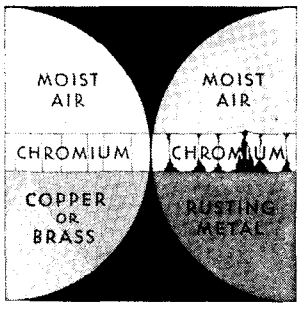
A SUGGESTION: Visit your favorite store. Ask to see some of those smart new chromium plated things. But ask also, "Is there brass or copper underneath the chromium plate?" Read why below.

IT'S JUST "WRAPPED" IN CHROMIUM

Make sure there's copper or brass underneath . . . *they can't rust through!*

Do you know what that popular and lovely chromium plate is? It's a protecting "wrapper" that will give wonderful service—so long as the metal underneath it stands up! But if it covers a metal that rusts? The rust may sooner or later come through and force off whole areas of that shining chromium. Then . . . ! But if there's solid copper or brass underneath? *Then, there's nothing to rust through.* Copper or brass *can't* rust. That's why chromium ware should be plated over a solid copper or brass body.





THE CAMERA-THAT-SEES-THROUGH-THINGS tells why you should insist on solid *copper* or *brass* under that shining chromium plate (or other finish). The scientist cuts through two objects—both chromium plated. One object has a body of brass or copper. The other has a body of rustable metal. The scientist subjects each to the same severe corrosion tests. He takes "microphotographs"—or photographs enlarged several hundred times. The sketches at right show, roughly, what he finds. No rusting through the copper or brass sample—nothing to rust through! But the sample of rusting metal? Moisture has seeped through almost invisible pores in the surface. Rust blisters have formed below. Rust pushes off the plating . . . That is why chromium should be plated over copper or brass!

COPPER & BRASS RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
25 Broadway, New York City

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Every issue of Collier's is one side of a fight. A fight for the things that will contribute to the best interest of the people of the nation. And with the public's transition from frivolous to serious thought, the strength of Collier's has grown.

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Collier's, alone, or as the key medium of a list of publications, provides the leadership in editorial influence that has always been the backbone of advertising success.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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How Tammany Missed a Trick

Continued from page 34

So here's what he does: He seeks out another congressman who intends to vote contrariwise to himself and who also does not intend to be present. He arranges with this opponent what is called a "pair." Thus each man is able to cast a vote, which goes on the record, though each is absent.

But the total result of the vote is not affected, as each vote cancels the other. By pairing, an absent congressman does not injure the vote of his party in the House. If his own vote doesn't count, he prevents the vote of an opponent from counting.

But pairing by the Broadway nine was just exactly what Speaker Garner did not want. Pairing would enable the boys to remain in New York City. But Mr. Garner wanted their votes to *count* in the grand Democratic total on the floor of the House.

Play While You Vote

Unless the boys were actually present, their votes could not be counted. How to make the Manhattan nine actually come to Congress was Mr. Garner's problem.

Johnny Snyder, as deputy sergeant-at-arms, sees to it that the Tammany boys no longer play hookey. He knows Boss Curry and Boss Curry knows Johnny. There is a general understanding in the House cloakrooms that Johnny is expected to keep the Tammany men on the job and voting.

Way back at the rear of the floor, on the left hand of the Speaker, are the seats which the Tammany boys frequent. Right behind them is the Tammany boys' exit to the cloakroom. It's only eight or ten steps from their seats to this doorway.

The Tammany boys are great horse-race players. They like to go to Bowie, near Baltimore, and they know a very great deal about horses and about races.

In the old days, before the Broadway nine really had to work at congressing, the boys could run out to Bowie any time they pleased or to any other track, for that matter, even to Mexico. But Mr. Curry's orders changed all that, even though Mr. Curry frequently goes to Bowie himself, when visiting his son in Washington. There are times for racing, and then, again, there are times for other things.

It became one of Johnny Snyder's duties to know when the boys might go safely out to the track or play golf without losing a vote. If any important matter was likely to come up during such an absence, Johnny advised against the absence.

But this didn't mean that the boys couldn't bet, as usual, even if they couldn't see the races with their own eyes. Racing news came directly, by telephone, to the cloakroom and Johnny might be seen frequently passing in and out through the Tammany exit, conferring with the group in the Tammany seats while the boys, obeying Curry in the meantime, eagerly studied the racing sheets.

Another service which Johnny rendered to the Tammany men when a vote was unexpectedly called was to summon the boys from their various resorts, and then station himself in the cloakroom, at the Tammany doorway, to give them "advice" as they passed through to their seats.

"Aye, aye, aye," Johnny has been heard to say to each Tammany man, as he went in to vote; or "No, no, no," as the case might be. It would not be necessary for the voters even to ask what measure was being voted on: they trusted Johnny's advice as coming from headquarters.

There was good control over the boys after Mr. Curry took hold. Their votes counted; not only the votes of the Manhattan boys but those of Greater New York as well.

It was in the Seventy-second Congress, which closes on March 4th, that the Tammany men got such a sudden and unexpected toe hold on Congress that they didn't know how to use it.

But it was in the Seventy-third Congress that Mr. Curry and the Tammany boys hoped to strengthen their toe hold and make it yield them what they wished. Tammany, on Manhattan Island, whipped Congressman La Guardia, putting a Tammany man in his place, and also defeated Mrs. Ruth Pratt, Republican, so that the entire Manhattan Island delegation became one hundred per cent Tammany. This turned the nine into an eleven.

The first thing to do in the House on the convening of the new Congress will be to elect a Speaker. The lower house of the Seventy-third Congress will thereupon be organized.

Mr. Curry on his frequent visits to Washington instructed the Tammany men in the Seventy-second Congress to conduct themselves so as to win the support and respect of all other Democrats. At last, with a little preparation and planning, Tammany might seize the opportunity it had not been able to accept. Nothing would be too big, too good, for Tammany. Indeed, Mr. Curry and Tammany Hall hoped to elect one of their own band as Speaker of the House.

Politics played another trick on Tammany, just as sudden and just as unforeseen as the first trick which put Tammany into power.

Tammany was sitting pretty when the Democrats had a majority of only ten in the House. But last November the American people sent a majority of Democrats into the House great enough to end Tammany's dream of congressional power. That presumably will end the visits of Mr. Curry to see his son in school at Washington.

No one in the next Congress will need Tammany. They may have some influence in helping to elect a Speaker, for the Democratic members will split on that issue, but that new Speaker will not be the Tammany man they hoped would take the gavel. After the election of the Speaker, the Tammany boys will be at loose ends again.

Less Power to Them

The Manhattan Island eleven may cast its vote as it pleases, without spoiling the Democratic majority; indeed, the entire delegation of twenty-one Democratic congressmen from Greater New York may at times shift over to the Republican side if it wishes to g that far, and still not affect Democratic control of the House.

Speaker Garner had to play with Tammany fire, for two years, but—and this was Tammany's own fault—the fire was not hot enough to singe either Garner or America.

And now the blaze has been put out by the nation-wide flood of Democratic votes.

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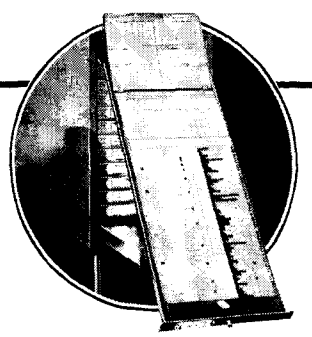

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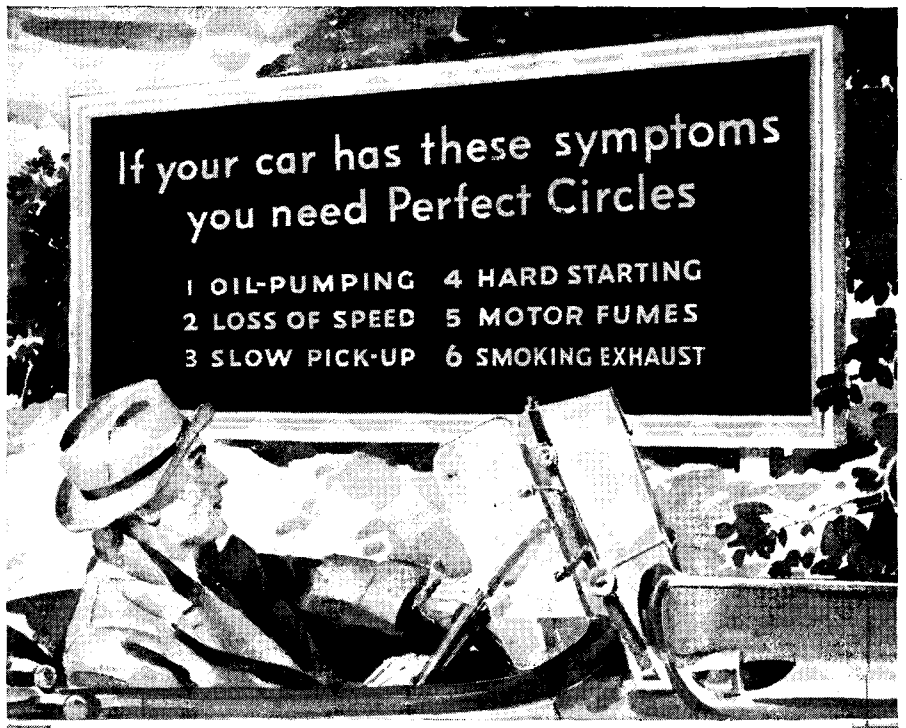

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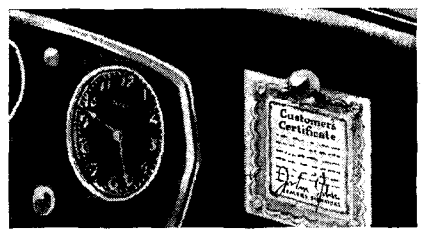

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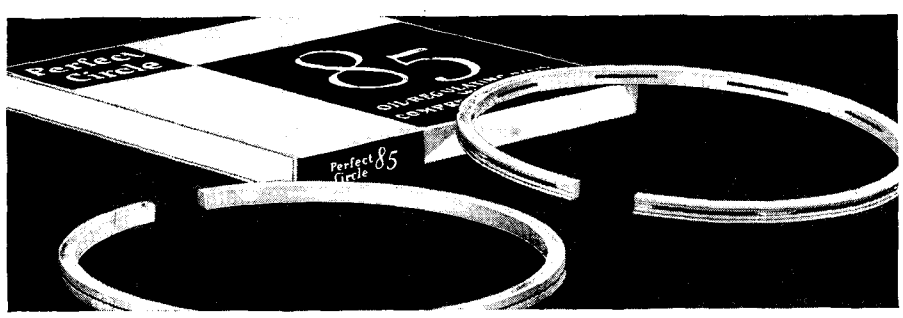

PERFECT CIRCLE
Piston Rings

On Paradise Street

Continued from page 23

She laughed without answering.

They followed a turn in the narrow way. At last, they entered a shop. Nora, alert and curious, stared at the strange wares displayed in baskets. Glazed roast ducks. Lengths of sugar cane. Dried shrimp; eels; curled, sugared coconut; seaweed. Most of the baskets were open. Some few had lids. In a shallow tray were knives, with carved bamboo hilts.

"Couldn't we buy one of those?" she asked. "We'd say it was the one you took from one of the bandits."

Caldwell asked the price of the blades. A portly Chinese shuffled forward and reached for one of the crude weapons. Then, as Caldwell glanced up, he had one glimpse at an evil Formosan face in the crowd outside of the door. The Formosan who had killed Matsuyama! Fearful lest the native had seen recognition in his own eyes, Caldwell snapped, "The lady says the knives are of poor quality. We won't buy one."

HE HALF guided, half shoved the girl around the corner into the dark passageway between the tea hongs. Although he did not look back, he did stop a moment, in silence, and was sure that he heard the soft pad-pad of feet behind him.

"Run!" Tommy said.

"You're trying hard, Tommy, to square things by frightening me. But I'm not running tonight."

"All they'll do is knife me, because that hill-devil knows I saw him in the raid. I'm pretty positive he killed Matsuyama himself. If I get away and tell the Japanese, they'll take care of him, and he knows that, too. They'll just kill me, but . . . sing-song girls bring good prices, and from what they said about you . . ."

"How much would you pay for me, Tommy darling?" She resisted stubbornly his effort to rush her along, aware that the arm on her shoulder was more thrilling than it should be under such circumstances.

A sound—the whir of a thrown knife—was followed by wild, high cries. Caldwell had no need to demand haste as they ran riverward. There was, he knew, no chance to gain the well-policed Japanese district. To seek concealment in a dark doorway was ridiculous. The hongs were all locked. Unless they reached the Tamsui well in advance of the natives, the finish of the chase would be in plain—and horrible—sight of those on shipboard. Yet it was the one possibility.

As they raced around a corner, and the walls of the ancient temple were near enough to touch, Caldwell turned to see how close the chase had become. He saw that to reach the river was out of the question. Without hesitation he swung the girl up and leaped the three steps to the wide door of the temple, past the red-paunched image; his shoulder against the massive wood let him in, and then they were in darkness. There was shouting outside.

As pale light sprayed into the great room Tommy slipped out his gun and waited. Had Formosans entered through some rear door?

An old, cracked voice reassured him: "*Gudzu gudzu suru to* . . . This is not a good street when it is dark."

Caldwell tried to see who was speaking. From the beamed roof hung long scarlet silk banners on which black and gold characters were painted. Ranged around the wall were dozens of human-sized gods and demons. Caldwell addressed the one image which seemed more alive than the rest, in slow Japanese:

"*O kiku ni iremasu* . . . I will admit, O honorable priest, that it is not a good street for us."

"If you will turn, you can see me," the old voice chuckled. "I am over here; it is a favorite place of mine."

On the opposite side of the room Caldwell saw, dimly, four figures. The first gesticulated fiercely; the folds of its draperies seemed to flutter in the wind. The next, with an old woman's head on a masculine body, prayed with clasped hands and compressed lips; its glass eyes were fixed on nothing with a penetrating, lifelike gaze. The third figure was half naked, fleshless and haggard, with a rag bound about the head, a cloth of lustrous reddish purple like an Eastern night sky; one of the carved hands rested upon a wooden club. The last of the figures was seated; this one, Caldwell saw, was really the priest, though it moved little more than the images of wood and lacq.

"It is a very good place, too," the old man said. "Myself unseen, I see who enters. You speak Japanese, my son, and must know my country. I ask you, is this not a strange temple? It was hoped that by retaining the devils and lanterns of the Chinese, they might continue worshipping here, while I convinced them that our gods are more important than legendary dragons. This has not happened, but I am patient." In the same tone, he intimated that he knew what had happened: "If the yellow men remember that you may have hidden here, what will you do when they come inside?"

"Will you conceal the *jini-san?*"

The priest smiled at Nora. "Where?" he asked mildly.

"In your room? When the savages are here, perhaps she can slip away—"

"It will never work."

Caldwell said, "Then I can bar the door, and you will go for help?"

"I sit, my son, because the savages caught me in the hills and cut the muscles of my legs. Think of something else."

Already voices were humming outside. Automatically Caldwell pulled out a cigarette and lighted a match; the priest warned him that the natives would detect the odor of tobacco, adding, "Light another match! So! Hold it before your face."

The old Japanese peered at the lean, brown face; Caldwell's blue eyes, now cold as glass, returned the gaze.

"*Iko to omo',*" the priest muttered. "It might fool them. Off with your coat. Your shirt! The other shirt also. Hurry! Do not argue! Tear a strip from the silky shirt of purple. In the name of the gods and all the Chinese devils, will you make haste? I may yet save your lives. Bind the rag about your head. *Ai-ya!* Am I seeing a miracle? Am I seeing Amatsu mika hoshi himself, the dread star of heaven? White lacquer and eyes like the sky—"

NORA said unsteadily, "What are you up to? If we weren't . . . if the Chinese weren't outside . . . it'd be funny. You look like that figure."

"She agrees," the priest grunted, even without understanding a word. He whipped aside every one of Caldwell's objections and, since he had nothing else to suggest, Caldwell listened to the conclusion of the plan. It might work.

"Next, carry the star god back of the altar, my son, where it will only be a block of wood should any of the savages knife it. Return with the great incense

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burner, the lotus. It is large as a barrel, almost. Bring it to me." When Caldwell did this, the priest went on hurriedly, "Next . . . my head is old, and I forget so very much . . . go through that door to my sleeping-room. There is one cabinet of drawers. In the upper drawer is a headdress; bring it. A great lady gave it to me for . . . I do not remember. Open the lowest drawer, and you will find the bolt of silk for my burial gown. I wish it, too."

When Caldwell returned, the sound of voices was louder; they were deciding that the one place the white devils could have gone was into the temple. The priest slipped up and barred the door, shoving himself along on the floor.

"Now," he commanded, "the jini-san must remove her upper garments, and I will tell you how to drape her."

"You're next," Tommy said to the silent girl. "Sorry, but it's the only chance we have."

She looked at Caldwell's bared chest, and then said, more nearly calm than at any time since she had been in the temple, "How much comes off, Tommy?"

THE door was unbarred; the priest sat before his altar, stroking a tiny bell. One taper had been lighted, throwing the chamber into gloom and sending long shadows across the polished floor, ink on ebony. Lacqs and brasses on the altar gleamed; the strips of silk flashed out the gold of the lettering.

The old priest sang a weary, low chant, with abrupt cadences; from time to time he dropped incense into a burner, and turned so he could observe the figures ranged against the walls: the thunder god, with pointing finger of brass, called Kaminari; the god with masculine body and feminine face; the blue-eyed star god of heaven—whose eyes winked hardly more than when they had been truly glass—and, next, lily on a lotus, a goddess with downcast eyes and lowered head, a goddess wrapped in fold on fold of silk. . . .

From under the robe a bare foot protruded, the toes of which touched the brass lining of the lotus. A jeweled headdress weighed the proud head down, as a Kwannon's might have been bowed. With charcoal from the priest's brazier Caldwell had penciled Nora Ridgeway's lashes; her lipstick had made her lips thin and Oriental. She sat obviously steeling herself for the motionless ordeal.

Never changing his voice from the monotonous chant, the priest sang, "It takes the rats time to gather courage to enter the house of the gods." A noise at the door sent his voice higher: "Perhaps this is the end for us all . . . they come!"

The taper flared, flickered, and flared anew as the door was pushed open, and the horde shuffled into the temple, clear to where the priest huddled. They chattered until the presence of incense, gods and devils worked on their senses. The leader, a heavily built Formosan with a scar running from his cheek across the bridge of his nose, may have been impressed, but he spoke harshly. "Withered and brown ape," he said, "where are the white devils?"

The priest said calmly, "I am no prophet. What white devils?"

"Those who entered. Where are they?"

"Why should foreigners come to such a poor temple as this?"

The Formosan growled to a squat half-caste companion, "Go to his sleeping-room, F'ong, and some of the others go with you, lest he be armed. But do not hurt the woman. And"—to the priest—"this time we will cut the muscles of your arms, old fool."

"I thought I had seen you before," the ancient said softly.

The Formosan's palm sent the old man sprawling on the floor. Had any eyes been watching the star god, white lacquer and brown, blue eyes and purple-bandaged head, they would have seen that it swayed once, having—like the priest—recognized the leader as one who had been in the bloody hill raid.

The priest said gently, "You are a brave man, Weng Chi."

The man named Weng Chi, Caldwell knew beyond doubt now, had killed Matsuyama, and had recognized the white man at the shop, which explained, as Caldwell had earlier guessed, the Formosan's desire to prevent the engineer from informing the authorities that here was a "tame" savage who had taken a bloody part in the guard-line fight.

The squat F'ong returned to report failure. Weng Chi stalked fiercely about. He kicked the true image of the star god on its face behind the altar; he upturned stands with sacred objects, tore down a hanging which could not have hidden anything at all, poked under the altar, encountering nothing except cloth—the clothes of the whites, had he known—pushed at the thunder god so that it shook on its base, stared at the crowned, downcast head of the Kwannon as if even an image of a woman attracted him and, while Caldwell's heart beat fast and his fingers tightened about the club, said at last: "There is a garden in back. Tear it apart! F'ong, remain with me. There may be a secret place the ape can tell us about."

A Chinese asked, "And if we find nothing, Weng Chi?"

"Go home, and if they have gotten away and tell the Japanese, we have all been asleep and can prove it."

"But if you find the girl? What then?"

"I promised her to you . . . tomorrow. And the white man's gold—all white men carry gold—will be equally divided."

When the room was emptied of the horde, the priest said, "It is time to pray—"

"It is time to talk," Weng Chi snapped. "Do not attempt to frighten me with tales of your police! I come and go as I wish. Why? Because my friends love me."

"Or fear you."

"Are you afraid of me?"

The priest righted a fold of his robe. "No," he said. "Not at all."

"The gods will protect you?" Weng Chi laughed.

"Yes. One of them will protect me."

Caldwell shifted his grip on the club.

"The white people are hidden in this temple," the Formosan said. "And—"

"You sent your men away, intending to keep the woman for yourself?"

WENG CHI held the point of a long knife at the priest's eyes. "Where are they?" he demanded.

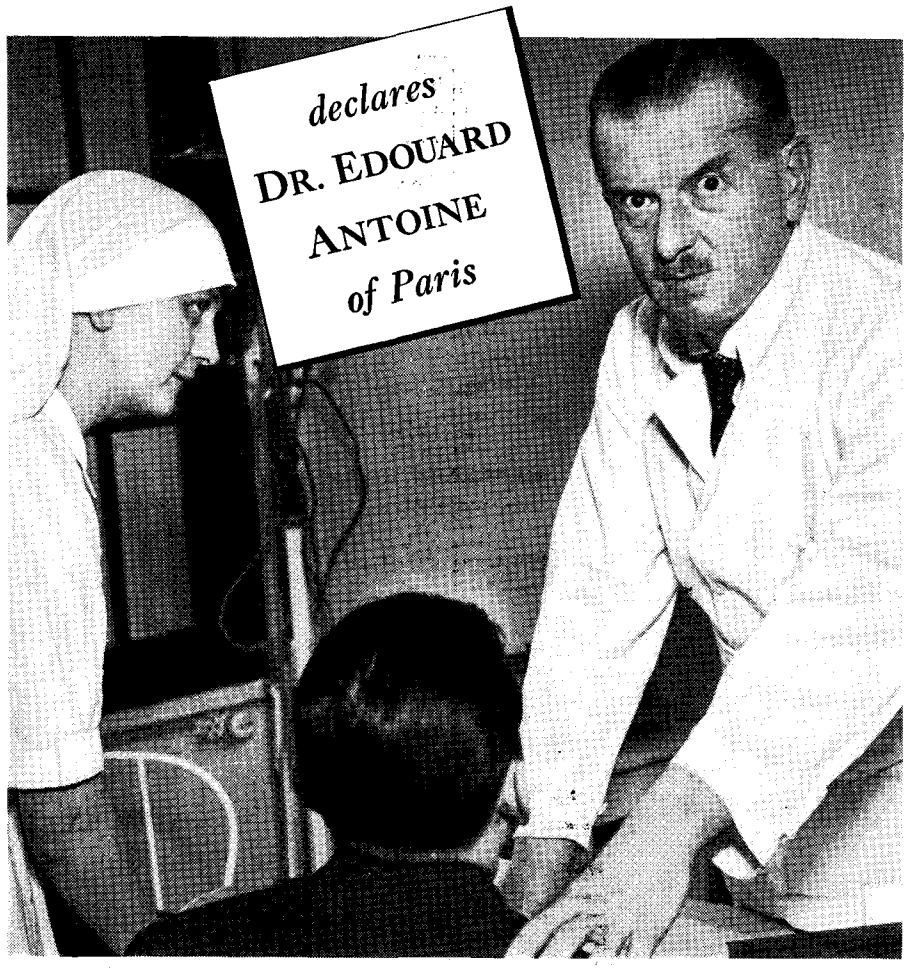
"For all I know, they may have been changed to gods and goddesses."

"I will show him the value of his gods, F'ong," Weng Chi snarled, about convinced that the whites were not in the temple, and not wanting to admit failure to his companion. Taper-light made his face sinister; he strode about until the glass gems on the Kwannon's crown caught his eye. "Women first, always," he said, and took the few steps which brought him before the girl on the lotus. "A very good bit of work," he chuckled. "I wish I had lived when this goddess was alive."

His hand was extended. He intended to push over and degrade every image; his thick palm pressed against warm flesh. The first grunt of surprise was barely uttered when Caldwell's club hammered down on his head, a glanc-

(Continued on page 40)

"I have treated thousands of cases of *CONSTIPATION*"



Dr. Antoine is the famous intestinal specialist of the Hôpital de la Glacière in Paris

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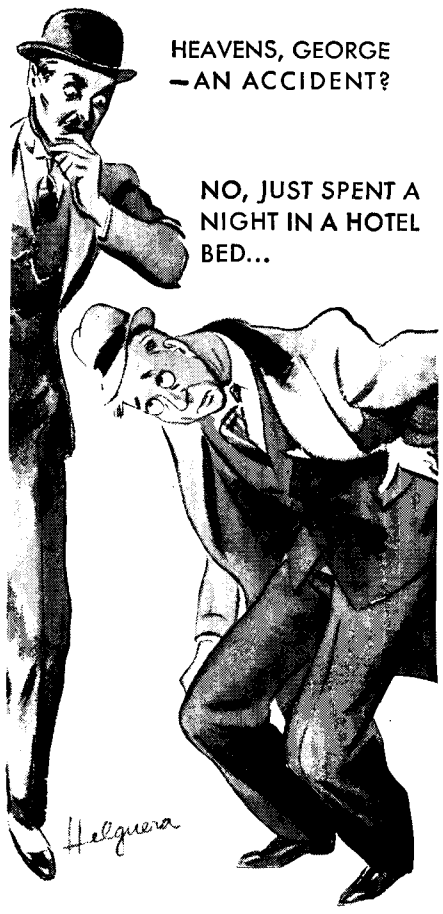

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(Continued from page 39)

ing, angled blow, knocking Weng Chi to the floor, more off balance than hurt.

Caldwell leaped; his second swing, at the open-mouthed F'ong, was truer. Weng Chi was on his feet. Whirling, Caldwell smashed at him with the club, under the stabbing arm; the Formosan snatched at the wooden weapon, at the same time sweeping out with his blade. Caldwell dropped the club. As it was, he felt the touch of heat in his shoulder, where the knife scratched at him.

The Formosan began to smile, making his blade catch light from the taper as he made tentative slashes. "So the white man is a god," he taunted the priest. "That is not bad, seeing that the woman was turned to a goddess, and is sweet and warm. Now, watch me kill a man, priest!"

Then, in the presence of the crippled priest and the frozen girl, there began a monotonous business. Caldwell slipped away from Weng Chi's rushes, always trying to get time enough to grab up the club. Nor had he forgotten the gun, wrapped in a fold of the makeshift gown of the human goddess of mercy, Kwannon; he did not want the girl to use it; a missed shot—one shot only in the gun—would be terrible for her. If, on the other hand, he could get the automatic, one bullet ought to be sufficient. He gave Weng Chi no hint of what he intended, but worked as if the one thing he wished was to obtain the club—which the Formosan kicked farther into a corner as they circled the room.

Pursuer and pursued brushed past the crippled priest, whose own forehead glistened as he endeavored to avoid the chase, lest the white man stumble over him. He finally achieved the wall, and leaned against the image of the thunder god.

The taper flared; light, shadow, darkness; scarlet silk, incense, gilded images, made the scene unearthly. Nora sat as if turned to lacquer. Her hands were no longer loosely clasped. All flippancy and store of courage had vanished; she was seeing the impossible. She thought of nothing save the circling men, Weng Chi advancing, Caldwell retreating, but holding off the Formosan by swift attacks which gave the Asiatic the taste of his own blood on his own lips whenever they came to grips. Weng Chi's rushes were increasingly difficult to avoid, since he finished one only to start another. And so the uneven game continued.

Jerkily, in English, Caldwell called, "Nora . . . when we're at the other end of the room . . . run. Down the street. To the river. There's nobody outside now." As he stepped away from Weng Chi, the girl, he thought, tried to say something, but achieved only a curious little gasp. "I'll tell you . . . when to . . ."

CALDWELL was forced silent. As if Weng Chi anticipated the plan, he never paused in his pursuit. Rush followed rush, so fierce that Tommy was unable to get away from the door. Weng Chi kept the knife ripping out at all times; Caldwell slid away finally, and the Formosan almost pinned him against the wall where the idols stood. It was so close a thing that Caldwell only escaped by half dropping to his knees. It could not last much longer. . . .

Nora's wide, terrified eyes had instinctively sought the door at Caldwell's shout. She had forgotten the gun utterly.

The priest, his arms wrapped about the image of the thunder god, was shouting now: "There always remain the gods! Keep him away, my son. Try once more for the club. It is here at my feet. Try! Try!"

Caldwell choked out, "He comes . . . too fast!" His head was whirling; he no longer could think coherently.

The ancient priest was praying. His tired eyes had caught fire; he watched the chase closely.

Tommy gasped, "Nora . . . get ready. . . ."

Then Weng Chi dashed at him and, as Caldwell pivoted, the Formosan stepped aside instead of continuing forward, whipped about, and had Tommy sidewise to him. Up went the knife; Weng Chi leaped. At the selfsame instant the priest, legs braced somehow against the wall, praying ceaselessly, shoved with all his power; priest and thunder god fell across the Asiatic's knees, and Caldwell, twisting in midair, was atop all of them, hands groping for Weng Chi's knife arm. The white man wrenched the blade away before he realized that the other was making no attempt to stop him. "You see?" the priest screamed. "I told you the gods always remained!"

The sharp fingers of the image had driven through the wall of Weng Chi's chest as surely as any knife, and the Formosan's cunning was useless because the hand of the god had reached into his heart.

THE Tamsui was shimmering in moonlight when Caldwell hailed the Hornet. He said immediately after, quietly, "Well, you've got a good story for them, Nora. I wonder if they'll believe it."

The return through the street of tea hongs had been in silence; they had not spoken before, either of them. Except their shoes, their clothes were at the temple; what money Tommy had was—he told the priest—to buy a Kwannon for the temple, and to relacquer the star god, even to the purple rag about its head.

Nora said unsteadily, "I . . . you gave me a gun. I didn't remember about it until we were out of the temple. I could've . . . helped."

"The priest had it all planned out with me," Tommy lied solemnly. "Weng Chi didn't have a chance to . . . to get away with what he wanted. By the way, how do you like Formosa now?"

"I'll never come back. Never! Never!"

"In another year, maybe I'll be ordered to the States—"

"You aren't going to stay here! I won't have it! Dad must—"

Tommy said, watching the ship's tender send bright ripples from its bow: "Of course I'll finish the job. It won't be hard now. The Japanese will take real action this time. There will be raids, but not near us. We'll have protection at last."

Nora touched her breast. Her fingers smoothed the white silk which was to have been the priest's burial robe. She said earnestly, "We've been to Paradise Street, and we've got to talk as if it were a joke. They won't believe it. Not a single word. Do . . . I said . . . do you want to kiss me, Tommy?"

A gleeful voice cried from the ship, "Did you tear the shirt from his back?"

"You see?" Nora said. "That's the beginning. They'll laugh. Laugh! And you might have been killed . . . I might have been . . ."

"Forget it," Tommy suggested brusquely. The tender was sweeping upstream to make an easy landing. Caldwell saw how she was struggling for control, and so said, "We'll tell such a good yarn that we'll get a cheer. And that was the purpose of this expedition, anyhow."

"Not for you. You just wanted someone to talk with."

"No," Tommy admitted. "I wanted to talk to you."

"Why?"

Tommy said, "Here's the boat—"

"I don't back out of promises," Nora told him. "Kiss me now, Tommy. You wanted a girl to love a little—"

"I don't want to kiss you," Tommy said sharply, "unless—"

"Yes, Tommy?"

He said exactly what was in his mind: "Unless I can kiss you . . . and love you . . . here . . . and home. . . ."

"Anywhere. Everywhere. Oh, Tommy, cable me when you're nearly finished. I'll come on to Yokohama. . . ."

AND then Tommy was kissing her because she had come close and had lifted her face to his.

The sailors on the tender very properly said nothing, but the sudden blending of two figures, white in the moonlight against the black walls of the town, into one, was not missed from the Hornet. Someone cried mockingly: "You two! Where do you think you are, anyhow?"

It was Nora who replied, her bare arm tight about Tommy Caldwell's waist, her voice high and clear across the dark flood of the Tamsui.

"On Paradise Street," she called.

"Tryin' to be funny, hey?" *Charles Payzant*

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Amateur Bride

Continued from page 19

her eyes not on him but on the table.

"Are you John Wright's wife?"

Her eyes flashed to his and met them flatly. He had a feeling that his were being pushed back into his head. "What a fool question," she murmured, uttering aloud the echo of his own thought. "Your hands are awfully hot," she continued.

"And your hand is cold," said Matlock. "I've never felt a hand that was colder." He turned it over, studied the smooth palm, and then ran his fingers lightly along hers. "Nor lovelier," he added.

Was she Jack's wife, or perhaps his girl? This time he questioned only himself. What difference did it make now anyway? It was too late to worry about things like that. Besides, looking into her face, so close to his, he found he could give his attention to nothing else.

"YOU are a beautiful woman," he murmured. "Beautiful and lovely, and those two things are not the same. What are you doing here?"

"I've told you," said Margaret. Her lower lip trembled in spite of herself as she added, "Eleven hundred dollars is a lot of money."

On a strange impulse, astounding to himself, he tossed her hand from him and sat back. They stared at each other, she in surprise and he in momentary bewilderment. He stopped asking questions about her to ask them about himself. Where was he? What was happening to him? Was he still in Meg's bar at the Dos Picos? Of course he was, and yet he couldn't be! Why did he feel like this? There was a difference and not a difference. He sought and found it. His lips twitched as if they were trying to smile, but could not quite make it.

"Stop worrying," he said. "I'll let you into a secret. Since you didn't get the money you're as safe from me as you would be from somebody's grandmother."

"Oh!" She sat up, her eyes, her face, all her body suddenly alive. She looked at him with nothing but curiosity, violently awakened. "What made you say that?"

"It's perfectly simple," said Matlock. "Nothing but a cash proposition would interest me."

"Oh!" she cried again. She rose from the table, drew back and stood facing him, her eyes wide. "How horrible! What a horrible thing to say!"

It was as though she had said much more, as though she had cried out, "Weren't things hard enough without this? Think of me! Couldn't you see? Couldn't you have had a little pity? What are you? Nothing—somebody I don't know. It's me that counts—only me and what's right and what's wrong. What I do is what really matters and will keep on mattering forever. What you do is nothing—a memory perhaps, but nothing more."

He regarded her curiously, a frown gathering on his brow. "Don't be angry," he said quietly. "I didn't say anything horrible and there's nothing to get excited about. You women like to brag about knowing men, but there's one mystery that always stumps you."

His manner steadied her. "Only one?" she asked.

"Only one you never understand."

"What is it?"

"That the best of us can buy for cash without turning a hair, but when it comes to making us a gift, we think once, we think twice. Ah, yes, that's when we think our long, long thoughts."

Margaret sank slowly into the chair again. "You're talking in riddles," she said.

"I don't mean to. I was puzzled at first myself, but now the thing is so clear to me I can't imagine your not seeing it. A gift for a gift. When it comes to giving, what have you to give, and what have I? That's what decency asks while a man's mind is still his own."

"Your mind is very much your own," she murmured enviously.

"It is so far," he admitted. "But if I should touch you—if I should put my arms around you—it wouldn't be any longer. But I haven't touched you—not that way—and I'm not going to—not ever."

"Why?" she asked on an irresistible impulse. To herself she was thinking: "I'm not the only person in the world. Nobody ever is. There's always somebody else trying to live at the same time."

"Because I'm afraid," he answered, startling her.

She actually leaned toward him. "You? Afraid?"

"Naturally."

"Of what?"

"Of love."

A knock, light and hesitant, had sounded on the street door; then a thud as of a tired, falling fist. Margaret and Matlock sat very still, scarcely breathing. They looked at each other and waited. A voice came to them, muffled, and yet as audible as though the words had been dropped into the room, one by one:

"Larry! For old times' sake! Larry!"

They listened. They heard a sigh, disembodied, freed and cut off from its source; then heavy steps, slow at first but increasing in speed as their echo grew fainter. Margaret let go a held breath. Her eyes fell away from Matlock's.

"Did you love him?" he asked.

"No," she said with a drag in her voice. "I don't know. No—never."

"If I could hear you say those words in that way about me," said Matlock, "I wouldn't give cash but I'd give my left hand or my left leg to the knee."

Margaret drew her eyes to his face. "Why? What did I say? What do you mean? I said nothing. I told you nothing."

"What happened between you and John Wright?"

"Nothing. Nothing ever happened."

HE LOOKED at her gravely, then turned his eyes away. "Did you buy Meg's bar?" he asked casually.

"Not exactly," said Margaret, making no effort to hide her relief at the turn of the talk. "It looks as if I did. doesn't it? But I just asked her to let me take her place—to take her place for tonight."

"Did you know what was coming?"

"No."

"She didn't warn you?"

"Yes," said Margaret slowly, "I think perhaps she did. I think she tried."

"How?"

"That motto over the bar."

"'Who buys the key must still win me'?"

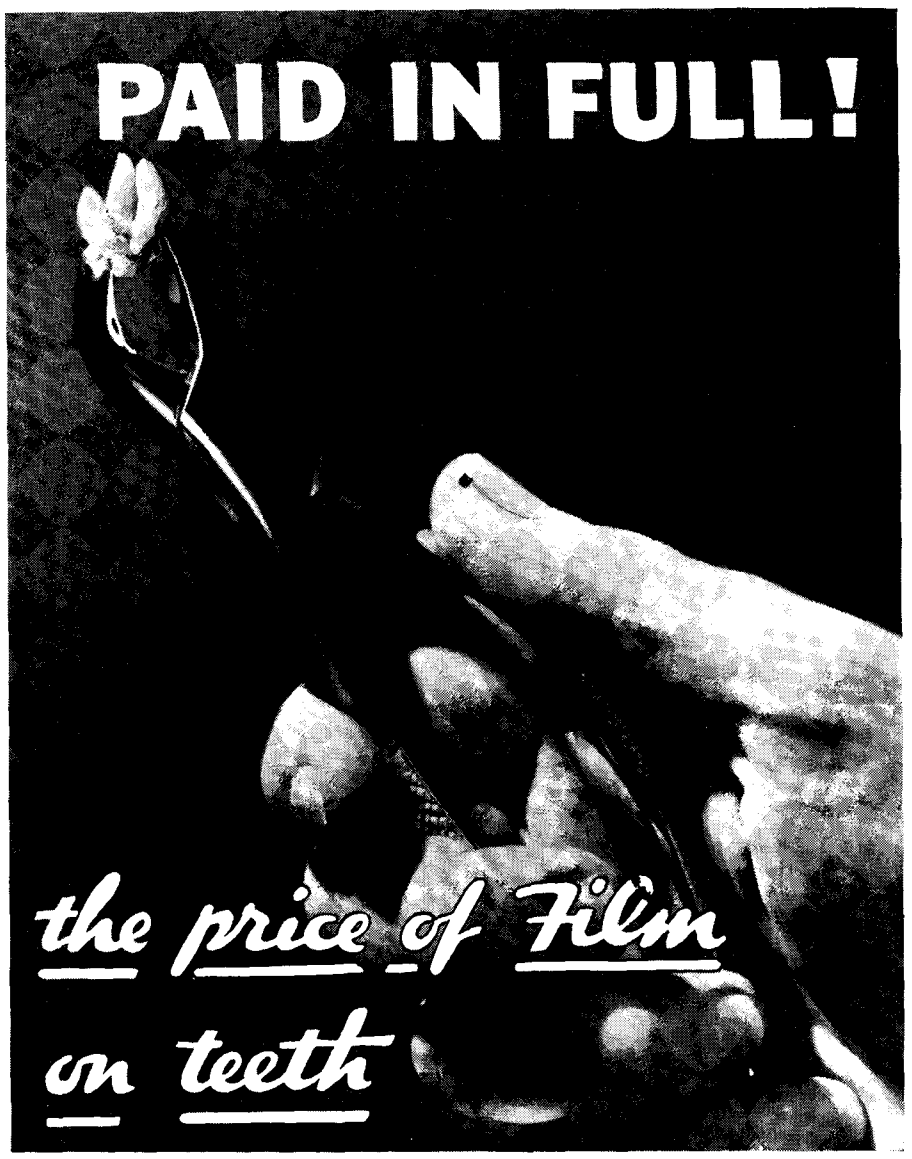
"Yes. She told me to chew on it while I waited."

"Meg's alibi!" said Matlock with a short laugh. "You're a good sport, Margaret."

"I wish you'd call me Meg," she answered, wondering why she said it.

"Do you?" said Matlock, rising. He

(Continued on page 42)



To save teeth you must fight film

DAY BY DAY film endangered this tooth. Day by day film was allowed to accumulate. Particles of food caught in its sticky web, became in turn the breeding place for thousands of germs of decay. Hourly these germs did their work. Finally film won. And another tooth was doomed to come out!

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What is this film that robs us of our teeth? A slippery, sticky coating formed by the *mucin* in saliva. It stains teeth yellow. It catches bits of food which soon decay. Yes, but that's not all! Film contains millions of tiny germs.

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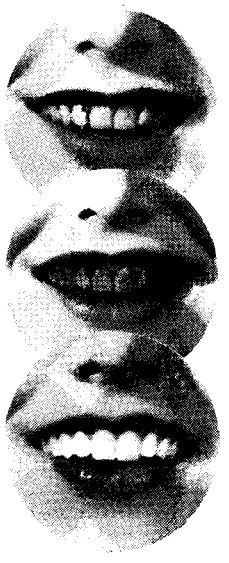
Other germs are linked with "trench mouth"— still others with pyorrhea.

"What must I do to fight film?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because a tooth paste is only as good as its polishing material—not one bit better. The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as polishing materials in common use has gained wide recognition. Remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Use it without fail twice every day and see your dentist at least twice a year.

See how rapidly film forms on teeth



These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. **At noon**—the film detector* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

At 8 p. m.—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

At 10 p. m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

*A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste

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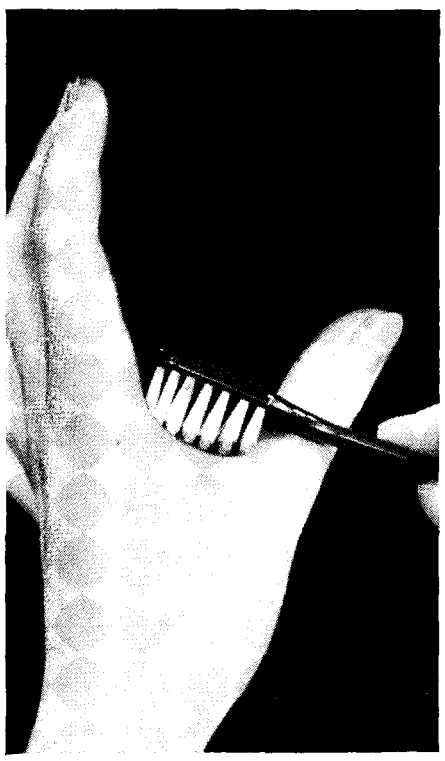
this picture has changed old tooth-brushing habits to new



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Tek

the modern tooth brush

(Continued from page 41)

went to the counter, got a dice box, came back and set it on the table between them.

"What's that for?" she asked.

"No hurry," he replied, seating himself. "Let's talk for a while longer, shall we?"

The sound of footsteps returned. Somebody was hurrying along the slag footpath, but coming slower step by step. They heard a rustling as of clothing brushing against the wood of the door. The handle of the latch, locked fast by the oaken bar, vibrated as though to a tentative touch. Again they kept very still. Wright's voice came to them, thick and weighted, each word by itself and far apart:

"Margaret. Darling. Margaret!"

They waited. The voice said no more, but presently they heard again a profound sigh and after it the steps, going away, slowly and then faster and faster.

"That's why you don't want me to call you Margaret," said Matlock quietly.

She shook her head, half in denial and half as though she were trying to rid her ears of a sound. "No. You're wrong. It isn't that. You may call me Margaret if you like."

"What about me? Is it going to be Larry, the way it was an hour or so ago when your eyes were dragging out my heart by the roots?"

She looked at him, frightened. "Yes," she said, wonderingly, "I did that. It was I."

"You certainly did! Were you lying?"

"I don't know. Not at the time, perhaps. I—I was playing the game."

"Are you going to keep on playing it?"

Her eyes wandered. "I don't know," she said in a low voice. "We can try, but we can never know until afterward."

"Is it going to be Larry, or isn't it? You can tell me that much, can't you?"

"If you wish—"

"Larry."

"Larry."

Even as she repeated the name after him she was thinking how odd the word darling had sounded coming from John Wright. She had never heard it from him before and it was not like him to use it.

"It's funny that you should have come to me here," Matlock was saying, "because I had planned to search the world for you—beginning tomorrow."

Margaret roused herself with an effort. "For me?"

"Not for your identical self, of course, but for the things that you are."

"What do you know about me? What can you know about me?"

"More than you know yourself. I don't mean your case history—where you were born, how old you are and the rest of it. I know you as a man recognizes the breathing and speaking incarnation of his dreams."

MARGARET frowned. "Are you making love to me?"

He continued without pausing to answer her: "The something that must be discovered day by day, and yet remain unlearned." He nodded. "So that really makes you right; I don't know you after all."

"Are you trying to tell me you're in love with me already?" she insisted.

"No," he decided after a pause, "because I'm not and never will be. I was merely giving you the reasons why. The way I see it, the thing you keep longest can be the thing you refused to take."

"Oh?" said Margaret, a faint smile on her lips. "Then you're rejecting me?"

"Not altogether," said Matlock, reaching for the leather cup, tipping out the dice and gathering them in again. "Not definitely. Why did you look at me the way you did?"

"When?"

"Cut it. You know when."

"I've told you! I was playing the game."

"Yes—that's what you said. Do you always play the game?"

His reiteration aroused her. What was he driving at? "Perhaps not always," she said finally, "but when I haven't, it was never because I was afraid."

"I can believe it," said Matlock, looking down and lightly rattling the dice.

"Sometimes, when you're perfectly willing," she continued, "a sort of blindness comes over you and you can't tell which is the game and which isn't. You can't see your way. You know it's there, but you can't find it. That isn't being afraid; it's just being stupid."

"We have a choice just the same," said Matlock. "You'll admit that—there's always a choice."

"No. Not if you can't see your way. How could there be?"

"Yes," he insisted. "Even when we say we must do this or we must do that, there's always a choice waiting to jump in at the last moment and do what it likes with us." He raised his eyes slowly to hers. "Do you want me to go or stay?"

SHE hesitated for a long moment, seeking the whole of his meaning. Abruptly it came to her. "Why do you ask me that? It isn't fair, but I can answer you. I want nothing. I'm not conscious of wanting you either to go or stay."

He looked at her penetratingly. "Then shall we throw for it?"

Again she paused, her eyes searching within his. So it was toward this he had been heading all the time! She weighed all he had said, striving to follow the twists by which his mind had arrived at this crucial test. She felt trapped. He had offered her freedom, tossed it to her, and then had laid this snare! Suddenly she saw a vision. Her eyes grew vague. The color rushed into her face; she could feel the blood flow up her neck, flood her cheeks, and then flow back again.

"If you like," she said faintly.

"Shall I throw first, or will you?"

"You, please."

"One throw or three?"

"One, I think. Yes—one."

His gaze still locked in hers, he rolled the dice. For an instant longer their eyes held, then plunged downward on a common impulse. "Three sixes," he murmured, trying to drain his tone of exultation.

"Oh!" breathed Margaret.

He glanced up to find her looking at him with a peculiar intensity. She held his eyes, and he felt that she meant to hold them. Her right hand groped for two of the sixes, turned them over and gathered them into the crook of her little finger. How stiff it was—how cold her hand, her body and her mind! Her mind was a block of ice, filling her head, freezing it—and never had she needed it more. Finally something thawed enough to enable her to wrench her eyes from his and look down. She swept the rest of the dice into the box, rattled it, threw to the left and dragged back her hand. Near it remained two aces, lying side by side, but the other three cubes were still rolling. A two turned up—a four. Her heart ceased beating. Death must be like this, she thought, quiet, still and cold. The final dice stopped only at the very edge of the table. It was an ace.

Matlock threw back his head and laughed. He laughed silently, but none the less with enjoyment. Finally he got to his feet, came around the corner of the table and patted her on the shoulder.

"Ah, Meg!" he exclaimed with a half sigh, "good old Meg. There's always a choice—always. Good night, Meg, and good-by."

He turned from her, unbarred the door and swung it wide. A blast of mountain air swirled into the room. He stood framed in the doorway, looking up at the stars. Not a light was showing anywhere except the yellow oblong at his feet, marred by the blot of his shadow. He stepped across it and disappeared into the dark.

MARGARET sat quite still, staring at the scattered dice—two so close together and three so wide apart. How foolish they looked—how inexpert! The sharp air, striking through the little gingham frock, chilled her body. She got up and closed the door. As it latched, she raised her hand to lower the bar but stopped midway of the action, her arm oddly hung in the air. She had heard a step, faint in the distance. It came nearer, not rapidly, but stumbling along unevenly. She stood with her face and hands pressed against the door, not daring to move, scarcely breathing. The sound came close and ceased. Through the wood she could feel a presence as permeating as a fog. She heard a muffled whisper, startlingly near yet far away:

"Larry! Larry!"

(To be concluded next week)

"This is Mr. Dandelion, the man who is responsible for those appetizing bread puddings" *Walter Schmidt*

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Gallows of Chance

Continued from page 21

pressure of business, he is expected back within the course of the next few days. His presence would naturally simplify matters. In his absence, however, and as we have only one more caller to receive, who is not due yet, we may as well take stock of the information which we have received, and estimate its precise value to us."

The two men, in obedience to a gesture from their chief, drew their chairs a little closer to the table. The sub-commissioner commenced his summary.

"THIS is how we stand," he pointed out. "We have discovered the name of the man who planned the Home Secretary's first abduction and put him through what I must say was a most inhuman ordeal.

"We have discovered that that same person called upon the missing Mrs. Brandt the day before her disappearance, a fact which, unless they were better acquainted than our information would seem to indicate, must possess a certain amount of significance. That man's dossier is upon the table. You can all read it at your leisure. I will give you the salient points in a few words:

"The present Edward Keynsham is the third son of the Duke of Durham. The family is an impoverished one, but naturally Keynsham went to Eton and Sandhurst. He served with the utmost distinction in the war, receiving French and Italian decorations besides almost everything he could get from us, and but for the death of his senior officer he would have been recommended for the V. C. He appears to have been a young man of the utmost spirit, for immediately on the ending of the war, finding that there was not a penny in the family, and that every one of his brothers was struggling for a living, he went into business in the city."

"What kind of business?" Inspector Smithers asked.

"He joined an old-established firm of produce importers and exporters," Colonel Matterson announced. "They dealt in currants and spices, ginger, tea and coffee, and they imported wines from every wine-growing country in the world. It was a fairly prosperous firm but perhaps a little behind the times. Anyhow, from the moment Lord Edward joined them they seem to have gone ahead in a most amazing fashion. This report is a very exhaustive one and I shall not trouble you with all its details, but we have here their rating at the end of the war by the Bankers' Society and their rating now, and it is a fact that, while they were in the third rank financially in 1919, they are today marked with a treble star, which means that they must be the wealthiest firm in the trade. It means keeping a balance of six figures and being not considered but pronounced absolutely good for any possible engagement.

"Proof of this you have seen of course in Lord Edward's manner of living. He bought back one of the family estates in Norfolk, which bears his name, and he indulges in every form of sport. Nevertheless, he still finds time to travel all over the continent and to keep in touch with the wine growers of every country. In short, we come to this: According to his dossier and every scrap of information we have been able to gather about him, he seems to be a great gentleman, practically a millionaire, a fine sportsman, and—to judge from his munificent gifts to charity—something of a philanthropist.

"Furthermore, he and Lady Louise are known to have been on intimate terms of friendship with Sir Humphrey. Notwithstanding these proven facts, he is the only man upon whom a shadow of suspicion rests for the happenings we have met to consider and the mystery we have still to solve. What do you think of that, gentlemen?"

Inspector Smithers considered it a poser. Inspector Pank said nothing.

"It's that young woman, the secretary, who knocks the bottom out of what might have been our first theory," the former remarked. "Lord Edward's very character, as we're beginning to understand it, might point to his taking desperate risks to save a friend's life, but when you come to face the fact that no sort of social intercourse existed between him and the Brandts, then, where are we?"

There was a brief silence. Pank cleared his throat nervously.

"If I might make a suggestion," he ventured.

"No one has a better right," was his chief's gracious response.

"As Inspector Smithers has pointed out, sir, one could imagine a man of Lord Edward's bravery and determination making a big effort to save a friend's life. One could also look at the matter from a different point of view. One could understand his making a similar effort in the reverse direction."

The sub-commissioner was puzzled.

"I don't quite get you, Pank," he admitted.

"Before I explain, sir," the latter begged, "might I trouble you to read Brandt's dossier? You have it there on the desk."

"I ought to have done so before," Matterson acknowledged. "It is very short, however, and very unilluminating."

HE PICKED up a sheet of paper and read:

"*'Cecil Brandt, born at Windermere forty-three years ago. Father the vicar there, and several of the family landowners in the neighborhood. Went only to local school and emigrated to Australia at the age of nineteen. From Australia he appears to have traveled a great deal in various countries and was reported to have made a large fortune in Wall Street and later with some jute factories in Calcutta. Information, however, as to his doings abroad very imperfect. Married Katherine Milsom, the well-known actress, in London six years ago. Financial reports all indicate great wealth. Bought the Imperial Theater for two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and presented it to his wife on her first birthday after their marriage. Owns a racing stable, hunters in Leicestershire, has a long lease of the Powerscourt shooting, and has several inquiries at the present moment with house agents for a country estate, price not to exceed a hundred thousand pounds. Belongs to few clubs, and appears to have limited circle of acquaintances, but attends most performances given by his wife at the theater. Nothing whatever known against him, except that his name has been taken on several occasions as having been present on premises raided by the police on suspicion of baccarat having been played.'*

"Tells us nothing at all," the sub-commissioner summed up, as he laid it down.

"Very little that is of any use," Pank admitted. "I should like, if I may, sir,

(Continued on page 44)

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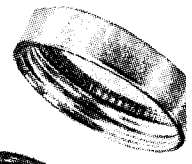

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(Continued from page 43)

at this juncture to mention one fact. As you have been good enough to give me a free hand, I took the liberty of going down to Wandsworth Prison this morning and interviewing the governor. I asked him if he would tell me the names of the people who had applied for permission to see the condemned man during his last few days."

"Nothing in that, I'm afraid, Pank," Matterson regretted. "I asked the same question and was told that he had seen only his lawyers."

"If you will excuse me, sir," Pank pointed out, "you asked your question a little differently, and you got the correct reply. I asked if anyone else had *applied* for leave to see him, and I was told that not only had his wife applied and been refused but also that Lord Edward Keynsham had asked for an interview on urgent personal business, and that the condemned man had refused to see him."

"That's the point," the sub-commissioner reflected. "You're quite right, Pank. I only asked what interviews had taken place."

"You will find out that it's true, sir, if you care to confirm my information," Pank went on. "Thinking it all over since, it has occurred to me that if Lord Edward was so anxious to see this man Brandt before he was hanged, and Brandt had refused to see him, he might have run the risk of trying to stop the execution, not to save Brandt's life, but to make a further effort to get the interview he desired."

No one said a word. They seemed to be looking onto a blank wall. Colonel Matterson held his head with his hands.

"We don't progress, do we?" he remarked gloomily. "A quarter of an hour ago we had what seemed to be the most conclusive evidence that the two men were strangers. Now, according to you, Pank, it would appear that there was some very vital matter between the two. A man doesn't try to see a stranger a few days before he's hanged, for nothing."

"The person whom I should like to see in this room," Inspector Smithers observed, "is Lord Edward Keynsham."

"I hope that time may come before long," the sub-commissioner said fervently. "Meanwhile," he went on, "I do not wish to increase the difficulties of the situation, but I ask you to reconsider these two dossiers—the very imperfect one of this man Brandt and the fine record of Lord Edward Keynsham. Can you conceive of any single bond which there might have been between the two, which could only have arisen or been recognized a few days before Brandt's death?"

"FOR the moment, sir, I must admit that I, for one, cannot," Inspector Smithers confessed. "Lord Edward is not the sort of man who would be blackmailed. Besides, there is evidence that Brandt never even went to his house."

"Blackmail was the first thing which occurred to me," the sub-commissioner observed, "but this fellow Brandt seems, after all, to have been fairly well liked, to have been a decent fellow and enormously wealthy. What should turn him into a blackmailer all of a sudden? The thing doesn't hold water. What do you think about it, Pank?"

Inspector Pank was nervously pulling out his underlip and gazing hard into vacancy.

"Just at that moment, sir," he confided, "I was wondering whether we had not better try to collect some further evidence as to the identity of the men who helped Lord Edward in that assault upon Sir Humphrey Rossiter."

Colonel Matterson was unimpressed.

"Seems to me a little off the line," he declared.

"I'm not so sure," was the apologetic reply. "The identity of any one of them might bridge over that gulf which exists at the moment between Keynsham and Brandt. If you can't see clues sometimes you have to stumble for them. It seems to me to be like that in this case. I have their three names here," he went on, drawing a piece of paper from his pocket, "all obviously assumed, and they all gave their address as the Savoy Hotel. This is the sheet cut out of the Royal Hotel visitors' book at Norwich."

HE PASSED the page across to Colonel Matterson, who scrutinized it through his eyeglass.

"I wonder whether anything occurs to you with regard to those names, sir," Pank ventured.

"One of them," the sub-commissioner observed, "evidently signed for the three. They are all in the same handwriting. There's another thing—they all sign in the American fashion, with a Christian name first, then an initial and then the surname."

Pank smiled.

"That was what I meant, sir," he confided. "They also gave their address as the Savoy Hotel, where a good many Americans are supposed to stay."

"You've made inquiries, I conclude?" Matterson asked.

Pank assented.

"I took the sheet to a friend of mine in the reception bureau of the Savoy the moment I returned from Norwich. He knew nothing about any one of them."

Colonel Matterson frowned.

"It seems to me," he said, "that we shall have to put Lord Edward through a pretty severe cross-examination."

"And that," Pank said dolefully, "may not be quite so soon as we think. I ought perhaps to have told you before. Lord Edward is not at Monte Carlo and hasn't been there. The invitations for the luncheon party were canceled at the last moment."

The conference seemed doomed to an indefinite prolongation. Even as Pank was speaking there was a knock at the door and the orderly presented himself.

"Sir Henry Topps to see you, sir," he announced.

"Show him in," Matterson enjoined. "Now we shall see, Pank, whether there is any truth in that amazing statement of yours."

"Who is Sir Henry Topps?" Inspector Smithers asked.

"Senior partner in Lord Edward's firm," was the brief reply.

Sir Henry Topps was duly ushered in. He was a very personable, rather elderly gentleman of military appearance, wearing an eyeglass, a fob and a four-in-hand tie with the distinction of one to whom such things are part of everyday life. He was warmly welcomed by Colonel Matterson, with whom he had some slight acquaintance, introduced to Smithers and Pank, whose presence he seemed to realize with mild surprise, and invited to seat himself in the easy-chair reserved for visitors of distinction.

"May I?" he inquired, drawing a thin platinum and gold cigarette case from his pocket. "I see that you gentlemen have been indulging."

"Certainly," Matterson acquiesced courteously. "I would offer you my box, but I am quite sure that yours are better."

SIR HENRY waived the point, and presently the perfume of fine Turkish tobacco was mingled with the odor of very ordinary cigarettes.

"Delighted to pay a visit to Scotland Yard," Sir Henry observed, looking around him with interest. "First time I've ever had the pleasure, although General Moore has invited me more than once. What can I do for you, Colonel? A summons to police headquarters is somewhat a shock in my quiet life. Is it a poison case? Not an arrest for selling bad stuff or anything of that sort?"

"No, nor ever likely to be so far as my experience goes," was the smiling reply. "Such small things don't come under your notice, I suppose, but you stocked my poor cellar, such as it is, and I never want better stuff. . . . It isn't a serious matter at all, naturally, Sir Henry, but a slight complication has cropped up, and we would be awfully obliged if you would put us in touch with Lord Edward. We made inquiries

"You owe for just half an hour, Miss—the horse came in twenty minutes ago" *Gilbert Bundy*

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but we can't seem to learn anything definite about his whereabouts."

"Well, that's quaint," Sir Henry declared. "That's very quaint indeed. I can tell you one thing right away," he went on, after a moment's pause, "he's not exactly where he's supposed to be."

There was a little murmur of interest. Sir Henry looked at his cigarette for a moment or two and appeared to develop a new surprise.

"The queerest thing of all," he observed, "is why you should want to know. There are at least a hundred people in the city of London who, I am quite sure, would give a great deal for the information you are asking for, but where the mischief do the police come in? These two gentlemen, too," he added, indicating Smithers and Pank. "What have they got to do with it?"

"IT ISN'T exactly easy to explain for the moment," Colonel Matterson admitted. "If you can just let us know where to get hold of Lord Edward the whole thing will fall into shape at once."

Sir Henry nodded.

"Well," he said, "I don't think Scotland Yard is going into the wine trade just yet, and in any case we have always to make a clean sweep of it to the police. Lord Edward left with some friends in his yacht for Monaco, but we sent him a wireless which he probably got somewhere near Gibraltar, and he slipped off at Marseilles. The yacht went on to Monaco without him, and I am afraid he had to cancel that luncheon party you may have read about in the Times."

"At Marseilles," the sub-commissioner repeated thoughtfully. "Would it be trespassing too much on your good nature, Sir Henry, if I asked you the reason for Lord Edward's change of plans?"

"Not a bit, my dear fellow," Sir Henry assured him. "We received a long dispatch from our agent in Bordeaux only a day or two after Keynsham had started off for his holiday. Here I can't mention any names, but it would not interest you anyhow. Seven of the biggest growers of wine in the Bordeaux district are badly in need of cash. They have enormous stocks, owing to the wonderful vintages of the last few years, and naturally they don't want to throw them upon the market.

"We—I think I may say it without boasting—are probably the richest firm of wine merchants in the world. That sounds a little egotistical, but you have only to go to Stubbs and I think they will confirm what I tell you. To support the market, for our own sake as well as theirs, this syndicate want us to do an enormous deal in clarets and brandies, and they begged for a member of the firm to see them at once. Well, there's the story. Keynsham left his yacht, like the good fellow he is, at Marseilles, and he has gone to Bordeaux to see them."

Colonel Matterson leaned back in his chair.

"Sounds quite like a romance," he remarked pleasantly. "It means, I suppose, that we shall have some cheap wine soon."

"Not necessarily," Sir Henry assured him. "That's how we have made our money—having the capital to put down and hold on. We are going to keep that wine, if we buy it, just as long as we should if it were an ordinary purchase, and we are going to sell it at just the same price as we should if we had bought it in the ordinary way. . . . A case or two to a friend, perhaps, Colonel," he added, with a smile, "but in return you must keep what I have told you secret. If the deal comes off we want to make our profit."

"Well, that's all very interesting," the sub-commissioner acknowledged. "So Lord Edward is at Bordeaux at the present moment? Would you know where to communicate with him?"

"Certainly," Sir Henry replied. "Care of our agents there. He may not be actually in the town. He may be at the château of any one of the syndicate, or they may have moved up to Paris to complete the deal after the wines have been tasted. Any letters would be forwarded, of course, but the point is this: We want it thought that Keynsham is on the Riviera holiday-making, so naturally there is not much doing in the way of correspondence."

Rather to Sir Henry's surprise the smaller and more insignificant-looking of the two men, whose presence in the room had been puzzling him all the time, rose respectfully in his place.

"Might I ask, Sir Henry," he inquired, "whether you have had any communication from Lord Edward Keynsham during the last few days?"

"Not a line," was the emphatic reply, "neither do we wish for it. His is a secret mission."

"You are sure that Lord Edward really undertook it?" the sub-commissioner asked.

"As sure as anyone can be humanly sure of anything," was the somewhat surprised answer.

"But you have heard nothing whatever from him?" Pank repeated.

Sir Henry crossed his legs, tapped another cigarette on the arm of the chair and looked at the questioner through his eyeglass.

"I did not say that," he objected. "No, we had a reply to our wireless. It was in code and contained one single word, a word which, decoded, meant: 'Will attend to the business mentioned.' That was dispatched from—well, my geography is not very good—but it was within fifty miles of Gibraltar."

Pank, full of apologies, rose once more to his feet.

"Sir Henry," he begged, "it might help toward the solution of a little trouble we are in if you could tell us the names of the guests accompanying Lord Edward."

"I am beginning to wonder," Sir Henry said, with a dignified chill in his tone, "whether I have found my way by mistake into the office of a society newspaper. However, your question is quickly answered, sir—I have not the slightest idea."

PANK resumed his seat and the sub-commissioner leaned forward with a deprecatory gesture.

"It was very good of you to come up, Sir Henry," he acknowledged. "We all appreciate it very much."

"You won't mind," Sir Henry observed as he rose to his feet, "if I confess to some slight curiosity. What is this all about? What has poor Edward done?"

"Nothing whatever, I'm sure," the sub-commissioner declared hastily. "The only thing was that we thought he might have been able to help us with information concerning a little matter—can't talk about it just yet—*sub judice*, you see—but if he's so difficult to get hold of we must let it be for a time."

"And meanwhile I must bottle up my curiosity, I suppose," Sir Henry remarked with a little grimace. "Good thing I'm not a woman. All I can say is, Colonel, I shall be delighted to give you any further information. . . . If I'm writing Edward shall I let him know the police are after him?"

"I don't think that would disturb him very much," Matterson said, smiling, as he walked to the door with his guest.

(To be continued next week)

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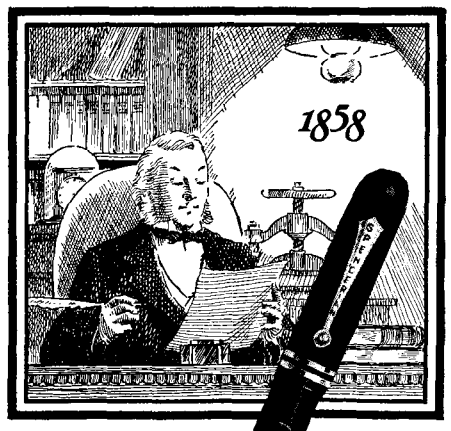

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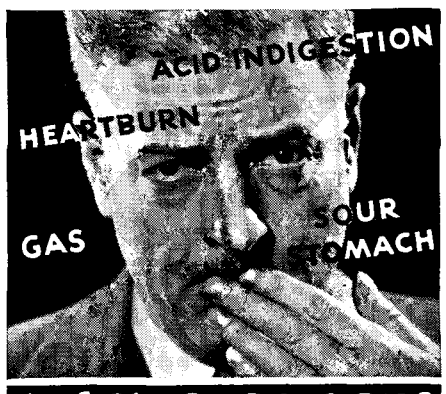

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In Bullhide Canyon

Continued from page 13

Yuma, long silent, raised a hand and said: "Wait—listen!"

Matt McQuestion left his fire, rode another two miles and arrived at a second trail into the chasm. He went down this and crossed the bottom from west to east, fording the shallowed creek; and cruised gently ahead for perhaps a thousand yards until he located the presence of a trail leading out. Once more above the channel of blackness, so deep and so long, he paused to orient himself and to consider. This was sightless pursuit, but he was playing the game out as Luke Daunnt would be playing it and he thought he understood Daunnt's idea; it was a quicker run to the fastnesses of Bullhide Range through the natural corridor of the gorge than via the cut-up land on either side.

"He'll travel fast and try to make it out by daylight," mused the sheriff. "That's not far off. But there is something he forgot to consider, which is the ways of nature. It rained back on Bullhide Peak two days ago."

Once more he put the pony in motion, the contour of the land forcing him back from the rim. It took him, this detour, to a tabled summit whence he could see the desert sweep eastward vaguely, and from that vantage point he discovered a fire brightly burning out on the flats—one high spire of light plentifully fed. Without much thought over the matter, he knew it was the posse signaling its position. The boys, disobeying instructions, had raced on along the foot slopes of Bullhide in the hope of rejoining him.

"Disappointed not to be in the play," he reflected gently. "And wishin' to see a kill. Luke's heated the blood of a county and the blame is on him. This business is for old sinners like me—and I trust those lads never know what it is to smell the powder of a shell that has knocked the light and the breath out of a human bein'."

Afterwards he traveled more rapidly along the up and down trail, hitting the tricky turns, sharply alert to the lesser pits of Bullhide on either side. The course returned him to the chasm slightly before dawn and so he was stationed on a towering ledge when the sun rose to melt the mist below. Half a mile up the gorge he saw the fugitives; they were then rounding a bend and soon vanished from sight. "Now knowin'," he said to himself, "that it rained two days ago on the upper Bullhide peaks." He sat there while the minutes went by and the day strengthened, thinking that he had seen only three horses; and quite slowly his mild face turned austere as the sense of that fact took hold. "As I figured," he said gently. "Four men went in, but fewer will come out. It is one less to handle." Lifting his gun from the holster he fired thrice into the air, spacing the shots; and then drew clear of the rim, cutting back into the more contorted slopes again.

"LISTEN," repeated Yuma, the half Navajo.

"Signalin'," muttered Slash Bill Evans and turned on Daunnt with a throttled rage: "I told you to get out of this! By God, we're trapped! We can't go back!"

"No," said Daunnt, "we'll have to chance the water. But we're ahead of 'em. Once across and the trick's done. Only four miles to the clear."

The three wheeled and rode to the margin of that charging stream.

"Never make it," muttered Slash Bill Evans, pointed features more angular than before.

"Three abreast," said Daunnt, "and let the ponies have their own way. The man that falls is gone. Nobody else can help him."

"I don't like it," said Yuma, tonelessly and very quiet.

But the others were sidling into the loose edges of the water and Yuma came forward to his place. Daunnt, nearest the source of the current, turned his horse gingerly and urged him on. The pony advanced, dropped knee-deep and was instantly swayed by the shock of that assaulting force. Slash Bill Evans yelled something that had no meaning, but Daunnt's visage was fixed as iron as the horse beneath him sank deeper, trembled throughout and was shaken off its footing. Instantly animal and rider were whipped about, bobbing like a piece of cork. Daunnt threw both his arms apart and sat crouched, balancing himself. He shot behind Slash Bill, just as Slash Bill's horse reached the safe shelving of the far side. He crouched lower and he spoke to the horse, the sound whipping away in the uproarious water; and afterwards he looked toward Slash Bill and grinned. For he was safe too on the far shore.

BUT Yuma was not. Yuma cried out, a terrified and arresting cry that caught the instant attention of the others. Yuma's horse had stumbled badly as it gained better footing and Yuma, precariously balanced with feet free from the stirrups, had rolled from the saddle and was wrenched instantly away, hat whirling off into the mill-race current. Yuma's head went under and reappeared twenty yards farther along. Then it disappeared.

Slash Bill turned to Daunnt and reached for his tobacco sack, shaking out a smoke with steady fingers. "Hell of a way to die, Luke."

"No worse than any other," said Daunnt. "We've got to push along. It'll be clear travelin' ahead. They can't get there in front of us."

Slash Bill looked closely at Daunnt, mouth thinning. "Two-way split now instead of three."

"Yeah," said Luke Daunnt and slowly turned his head on Slash Bill. The two of them watched each other carefully, alertly. "Come on," prompted Daunnt, and never moved until his partner rode abreast.

Thus, side by side, they advanced through the flooding light of another day. The narrowest of the canyon was behind. Ahead, the great walls began to spread and gradually diminish in height; and the floor beneath them took a distinct upward grade. They went at a moderate gallop, which was the best the jaded horses would do, and they turned another great bend. In front of them, not more than three miles, was the promise of smaller corridors leading off into the secretive recesses of the range. Daunnt suddenly said, "Here's a drink, Bill," and stopped before a little spring bubbling out of the earth. He got down, unhooked his canteen from the saddle horn and knelt to fill it, crouched in such a way as to keep his eyes on Slash Bill Evans, who began an impatient muttering:

"No time to delay, Luke. Those hounds won't tarry none now. Chances are they seen us."

"I've been telling you," answered Daunnt patiently, "that they've got a rough trail. We'll be out of here long before they catch up. Better fill that canteen. It's dry in those hills."

Slash Bill got down reluctantly and brought his canteen forward. Luke Daunnt rose and strolled back to his horse, replacing the canteen and fiddling with the cinch of his saddle. Slash Bill's back was momentarily to Daunnt, but only momentarily, for he wheeled with a quick alarm and half rose. Daunnt, shielded by the horse and still busy with the cinch, drawled on conversationally: "When we're out of this, Bill, we'll make for the Dolomite Peak. It's about ten miles. A thousand places around it to hide in. Couple weeks of that and we drift on out of the country. We did the thing right."

"Yeah," muttered Slash Bill, and looked back to the water hole. Over his shoulder he said: "I don't mind the kid Malloy so much. But Shaneways and Yuma—they traveled a long time with us."

"Why worry?" countered Luke Daunnt indifferently. "There's got to be an end sometime for all of us."

"Yeah," grunted Slash Bill, rising to his full gangling height. "Yeah, I guess so. We'll divide the pot here, Luke. Might have to separate up there in the hills."

Daunnt frowned, shook his head. "This ain't the place to do it. We're wastin' the good minutes."

Slash Bill was, of a sudden, formidably stubborn. "What'd you make this stop for?"

"Water, you fool."

"No, I don't think so," rapped out Bill. "Look here, Luke. There ain't any charity between us. You shed no tears when the other boys went. You'd shed no tears if I went. You stopped for a chance at me. Only, I didn't turn my back long enough."

"I never knew you to have nerves before," said Luke, calm and cold.

"Nerves be damned! I see a play when it comes. You meant one for here. I figured that out when Yuma went down the crick. So we'll split the pot now."

"We're wastin' time," warned Luke and leaned his big body against the horse. That horse was between the two and all that Daunnt presented to his partner was his head and his feet. Arms and torso were hidden. Slash Bill appeared to realize this tardily, and with the realization a harder flash of light sprang out of his eyes. Immediately he began a long striding for his horse. Daunnt said idly: "We're spotted. Somebody's standin' on the rim."

SLASH BILL stopped dead and his attention went around, traveling upward. At that a tidal sweep of brutality caught and shook Luke Daunnt's features. Lips and nose thinned, showed pale. His arm whipped over the saddle, gun rising with it. He grinned barrenly into Slash Bill's back-whipping face.

"You asked for it," said Luke, and fired once. Slash Bill staggered back on his heels. A small sound issued from his opened mouth, the whole set of his visage shifted and lost comprehension; and then he fell and was dead.

Luke Daunnt looked at the man over the interminable moments, the grin fading and the tautness of his expression slowly shifting again to that dogged, heavy calm. Presently his head came about and he swept the rim with a long, long glance while the echo of the shot beat away and died in the depths of the gorge. With its final note, a sense of haste seemed to hit him, for he moved impetuously around the horse, threw himself into the saddle and spurred off.

The canyon's floor kept spreading until it was a contained valley between

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the diminishing rims. Summer's yellow grass carpeted this bottom all the way forward to a finger of the forest that came down from the heights to divide the canyon's source into two lesser ravines. One curled eastward—that way leading out to the desert. The other swooped back into the fastnesses of Bullhide Range. Luke Daunnt gave the matter no thought, but aimed toward the latter course. The land began rolling upward more definitely and he drew abreast the tip of the tree belt and at once bent against his saddle to play the pony for as much as it would give. Now in a distinct runway, with timber to either side of him and a rolling summit ahead, he flashed the full force of those predatory eyes all about. The slopes of the summit turned increasingly severe and the pony faltered; thus at a walk he arrived at the top—and wrenched down on the reins, almost throwing the horse to its knees.

Matt McQuestion stood twenty yards away, rifle cradled and the long body motionless under the light. The sheriff's words rippled through that brief interval of silence with an odd, singsong melody:

"Raise your hands, Luke."

Luke Daunnt cried, "McQuestion—how—!" And then he fell out of the saddle and hauled the shivering horse around to shield him, at once clawing for his revolver. McQuestion's words came on, clear and pointed:

"Too bad, Luke, too bad." One single report cracked the stillness of the morning. Daunnt's horse winced and shuddered and bucked wildly away, collapsing on the very margin of the timber. Exposed, a guttural rage in his throat, Luke Daunnt began a wild firing at the immovable target in front of him. He cried out mightily, "McQuestion, you're a tricky hound!" The sharper, flatter crash of the sheriff's rifle strangled the rest of the sentence in Luke Daunnt's throat. The renegade's bones seemed to shatter at the joints. His weapon fell, he buckled at the knees and his heavy head swept forward and down, to carry the rest of him to the earth all of a sudden. Watching with a distant aloofness, McQuestion saw the man's blackened fingers stretch out toward the revolver, halt and relax.

THE sheriff studied that prone figure while the reverberations sailed away and made undulating echoes far up along the secretive alleys of the range; and his faded eyes slowly lost the set coldness they had maintained all through his weary chase. Thoughtful, a little wistful, he inclined the fine, spare face as if he were praying.

"Same story," he mused, "played out to the same end. Sinners like Luke and me have lived beyond our time—but Luke never knew it."

Slowly, for he felt the stiffness and the weariness coming upon him now, he knelt down and built a little fire and cooked his coffee in the tomato can, waiting for the posse to come up on the heels of the firing.

The Life Guard's Bride

Continued from page 15

anything. I'm doing it for a living. I'm an employee and I don't want to make a fool of myself by forgetting it."

"This is the intense part," she remarked.

"Listen," Bill said. "I knew it would sound silly—anything I said. You're trying to be darn' nice but—see, that simply makes it tough for me. You wouldn't want to do that, would you?"

"I don't know," she said; "I honestly don't know."

THE thing to do, Bill knew, was dope this out. If you sat down and took a thing apart and saw what it was made of you could always get some sense out of it, finally. This situation, now. All right; here is a girl. Now listen: After all, she's just a girl. She's pretty darned upsetting, all right, but you've met upsetting girls before. You don't come all apart about them, do you?

Be reasonable, Bill, and keep away. And get this too—if she keeps on trying to be nice to you don't get the idea that it means a thing except she's trying to be extra nice because you're just a life guard and it couldn't mean a thing. All right? All right.

It's great to be a practical philosopher and dope things out. It works too, now and then and for a while, sometimes. It started in to work out pretty good for Bill. When Bill would see Marilyn come down to the beach he'd wrench himself away and go down to the other end, and when she came down there he'd haul himself away again, and if they practically collided and she started being nice, Bill would keep saying to himself, "She's simply being nice," and not say anything out loud until he thought of some way to excuse himself.

That went on for two weeks and it was not much fun but very practical. He kept on being practical, though, until an afternoon when almost everyone had left the beach and Bill was free to take a swim and swam far out and then back to the raft and pulled himself aboard and found that Marilyn, alone, was there.

Marilyn said, "Hello," and then, "You look like you wanted to dive back in again." And Bill, who really had been thinking of it, sat down.

"I've wondered and wondered why you've been avoiding me," Marilyn said.

"No, you haven't," Bill said.

"But I have! I've wondered and wondered. Nights. By days I've stalked you and by nights I've wondered how you managed to escape."

"Look," Bill said. "I asked you not to make it tough for me."

"And of course I hadn't any idea what you meant," said Marilyn. "How could I? How could any girl?"

"Oh, hell!" Bill said.

"I can't stay if you start to say hell at me," she said. "My mamma wouldn't want me to."

Bill kept from yelling and it was a real achievement.

"Listen," Bill said. "You know darn' well you had me on the one-yard line the minute we met. What do you want to rub it in for? What fun is that?"

"It hasn't been a bit," she said. "As yet."

"It won't be, either," Bill said.

"And I hoped we'd get to be dear friends," she said. "At nights I hoped it. Holding-hands friends, maybe, even."

Bill tried to speak and choked, and it was just as well.

"All right," she said, "I'll be serious and tell you just how ridiculous you act. You think because you lost your money or something and had to leave Princeton—"

"What?" Bill said. "What?"

"Of course I know who you are," Marilyn said. "I've seen you play football and someone pointed at you at a dance last fall. And now you've lost your money and you're licked."

"Who said I was licked?" Bill said.

(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued from page 47)

"You act like it," Marilyn said. "I wanted to be friends. We had fun on the beach that day. And then you suddenly remember that you're licked and say, 'Oh, dear, I'm just a life guard, just a poor young life guard and you *mustn't make it tough for me. Please.* Please.' "

"It sounded like that?" Bill said.

"Like that," she said. "It sounded just like you were licked."

They were silent for a little while and then Bill said:

"I didn't mean it to sound that way. About being licked, at least. I just meant—well, I meant that now would be a devil of a time to get upset about a girl."

"Especially if you were licked," she said.

"No," Bill said slowly, "don't rub it in. I mean it. What could I do about a girl except be dog-gone' miserable?"

"I don't know," she said. "I think it's all just a part of being sorry for yourself anyway. I mean if you meet a girl you think you might like, you just tell yourself how sad it is about you. When you meet someone you really want you'll do something about it."

"Just what?" Bill said. "Ask her to share a hundred bucks a month?"

"And if she wouldn't and you had to have her," Marilyn said, "you'd start a war or blow a safe or be a movie star or something."

"Movies," Bill said. "Wouldn't I look sweet?"

"Johnny Weismuller doesn't look sweet," she said. "They found him in a swimming suit too. And Johnny Mack Brown came off a football field. But, anyway, it's been nice to know you."

"Wait a minute," Bill said.

"So good-by," said Marilyn. She made a shallow racing dive from the float and as she came up called: "We're leaving in the morning but we'll be here next year after Father breaks his collar-bone."

Bill watched her swim in, wade out and disappear, and made a note that it was February 18, 1932. Bill made a note of the exact date because he wanted to see how good a doper-out he was. He'd doped it out that he'd forget her in a month—well, two months, then, and he wanted to remember the date so when he forgot her he could figure back and see how long it had taken him.

Eventually 1932 came to a conclusion, which was a great relief to Bill and many other people; and finally even January, 1933, dragged by and Bill was in Miami once again. Then one evening Bill went to an early movie and when he came out he said, "Now, if there is any dog-gone' justice she'll get here this week," and when he inquired at the Casa Grande they told him yes, Mr. Sauters was arriving in the morning, very early.

THE next morning Bill put on a swimming suit, with Life Guard written on the shirt, and went down to the beach. It was very early but Bill remembered that almost the first words she had said to him last year were that she couldn't wait to have her first swim. Bill wondered if she remembered that, or him, or anything. The chances were she didn't.

Then Bill saw her sitting on the sand alone and for a moment panic almost had him and he thought: "You don't believe in it until it happens to you. When it happens to the other fellow it's a joke. You think he's soft or something and you wise-crack and you don't believe in it. It's crazy to believe there's just one girl to make your heart bump when you simply look at her. And look at me. Good Lord! My knees are shaking and it's crazy and I'm scared."

When Bill was close to her she turned and said "Hello" and smiled at him and said "Hello" again, and Bill sat down before he fell down.

"Well, here I am," said Marilyn. "Why, here we both are, aren't we?"

"It's been a year," Bill said. "A year." He said it and it sounded awful. He had bleated, practically. She'd even done things to his voice and he'd be darned if any girl could make him sound like some abandoned sheep.

"Well, how's your father?" Bill growled. That was snappy! Took a real genius to have thought of that. Bright. Snappy. How's your father? Good Lord!

"Father's knitting," Marilyn replied. "His bones, I mean. He knits more irritably every year. He has to be in bed today because the trip was hard on him, poor dear, and in a minute I will have to go and be where he can bellow at me."

"But listen," Bill said, "I've got things to say. I wanted you to go somewhere this afternoon, too."

"Where?" asked Marilyn.

"I didn't want to tell you," Bill said. "It's a scheme. At two o'clock."

"I like schemes," Marilyn said, "and two o'clock's a lovely hour for them."

"In the lobby then," Bill said. "You probably won't think it's much of a scheme. You haven't said anything about my still being a life guard either."

"Did you want me to?" asked Marilyn.

"Well," Bill said, "I thought maybe you might say, 'Well, I see you're still licked.' Or, 'I see you haven't started any wars or anything.' Or don't you give a darn?"

"I haven't answered questions like that since I was a little girl so high," Marilyn said.

AT TWO O'CLOCK Bill went over to the hotel to meet her. She must have been watching for him, because she waved to him across the crowded lobby and she looked so lovely that Bill took a good grip on himself before he spoke for fear he'd bleat again.

"Come on," Bill said.

"But where?" asked Marilyn. "You might be luring me away far off somewhere for all I know. You said it was a scheme."

"You said you liked them," Bill said. "Come on. Anyway, it's only to the movies."

They were seated in the darkened theater and Bill said: "I've got you where you've got to listen now—so listen. You remember last year when you left?"

"I remember," Marilyn said.

"Well, I was pretty low all right," Bill said. "You knew how I felt and it looked dog-gone' hopeless. What's a fellow to do when he hasn't a cent and no future and he falls in love with a girl who has a lot of money? He can't ask her to be a life guard's bride, can he?"

"I guess not," Marilyn said.

"And he can't live on her. That doesn't work."

"I guess it doesn't, mostly," Marilyn said.

"Well, then it's pretty hopeless."

"Yes," said Marilyn, "I guess it is, unless the girl could maybe think of something."

"There wouldn't be anything she could do about it," Bill said. "No, it's hopeless unless Fate or something comes along. Remember what you said the day you left? You said I ought to start a war or blow a safe or be a movie star. Remember?"

"Every word," said Marilyn.

"WELL, it was Fate or something when you said that, all right," Bill said. "Listen. The day after you left, George La Salle arrived at Casa Grande. Yes, George La Salle, the great director, and he met me on the beach and asked me if I'd take a screen test."

"Your good kind face," said Marilyn.

"I would have laughed at him," Bill said, "but I remembered what you said and so I went to New York with him. In about three seconds now they'll show some scenes from Languid Lady, starting Friday—and I'm in it. Me!

"Look," Bill said. "That's Constance Bennett. Now I come in and smirk at her. I smirk swell. There I am. I get three hundred bucks a week for getting everything balled up and smirking and I've got a contract and—listen, honey, could you marry me? You couldn't, could you? Could you?"

"Why, of course," she said.

"You couldn't!" Bill yelled. "Let's get out of here before I yell. You mean it? Mean it?"

"Why, of course," Marilyn said, "I had it planned a year ago."

"You couldn't have," Bill said. "A year ago it was hopeless and now look, honey. It was Fate, I tell you. Fate and George La Salle. He says I have a future, honey. He's been marvelous. A great guy, George La Salle. You're going to be crazy over him."

"I am already," Marilyn said.

She always had adored her Uncle George.

"You must come to see us sometime" *Ralph Lane*

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Dressing the Part

Continued from page 17

neckline is low in front and high in back. In a musical comedy this is an afternoon dress, but in real life it is one of those things variously called a dinner gown, a cocktail dress, or a six-o'clock dress. Really, of course, it is a swell informal evening gown.

"And this pink satin crêpe costume is surprising, too. It looks as though the sable collar and sleeves were part and parcel of the dress but it all comes off like a jacket. The fur collar, which ties in a big bow, and the short fur sleeves are all in one piece.

"Cute the way the gray fox on this powder-blue crêpe costume goes? It begins low down on the right arm, winds spirally around the sleeve and up around the neck. But before it reaches the left arm the fur gives out—and you have one sleeve bulky with fur, and the other furless. In these pastel colors any of these costumes would be grand for Palm Beach or the Riviera, and in more sober colors for afternoons in town—for those who have that sort of afternoons!"

Twenty Yards of Negligee

If you know a blonde who's looking for a negligee, tell her about that canary-yellow velvet affair which Ann Andrews, knowing what yellow does for blondes, wears in the first act of Dinner at Eight. The surprising thing about it is that it ties up high about the throat with a big bow of velvet. And Miss Andrews wears cerise slippers with it. She would! Anything more seductive than the way these twenty yards or so of velvet flow and cling and trundle through the door one can't imagine.

And if you're a bit daft about these new fur shoulder capes you couldn't do better than watchfully wait until Marguerite Churchill, that red-headed daughter of Ann Andrews, appears wearing a little gray dress with a broad-shouldered cape twice banded with gray fox. The last time these capes were seen in these parts was when the cabbies on Fifth Avenue wore them. There's an epidemic of them at present.

This same young lady wears one of the best evening wraps seen on the local stage—stiff black velveteen, a voluminous, Victorian affair with enormous—and when I say enormous, I mean as big as hat boxes—sleeves, looking more enormous because they reach only to the elbow. This wrap is fitted-in sharply at the waist but otherwise does about as it pleases. Worn over a white satin dress with a simple, childlike wreath of flowers about the neck, it is really quite affecting.

One act of Firebird convinced me that Judith Anderson had lost none of her old flair for clothes. At the end of the third act, sunk in admiration, I trekked backstage.

Two dachshunds, who should be on the mayor's reception committee, so intense is their welcome, made it practically impossible to enter the star's dressing-room more than an inch at a time. Once they were subdued, Miss Anderson, who understands why she knots a scarf on her right shoulder instead of her left quite as well as she does why she turns her back to the audience at a certain point, got right down to brass tacks.

"You liked my first-act dress?" she inquired. "The black velvet afternoon costume? Bring it here, Jennie. It doesn't look like much in the hand, does it? No. It must be worn to be appreciated! I'm really very becoming to my clothes. I'll slip into it. There! You see? I designed it myself. The mink scarf isn't separate—it's sewed right on the dress. It goes around the neck, one long end hangs from the shoulder in back and is caught into a cuff of the fur at the wrist, making a loop from shoulder to cuff—on one arm only. It's just that little touch of difference that makes a dress distinguished. Otherwise, it's just a long, slinky, black velvet dress, as sleek as one of those dachshunds—or a seal just out of water. And the hat—yes, believe it or not, that's a hat—is just a handful of black velvet with an aigrette to add height.

"I'm sorry the audience had only a brief glimpse of this red suit. Blame it on the dachshunds. They simply dragged me through that scene—they don't seem to enjoy being before the public. It's just a three-quarter tailored coat and skirt of bright red tweed with a flat scarf of black caracul folded down inside the coat like a man's muffler. This duck of a hat is of caracul with two tiny triangular flaps like rabbit's ears. Looks as though it might fly away, doesn't it?"

There's nothing startling about the clothes in Dangerous Corner—which doesn't mean they're not good clothes, but merely that you'd wear them in your less startling moments rather than in your Ina Claire moments.

"Any parrots, great Danes or polo ponies in here?" I inquired, inserting a wary head into Mary Servoss' dressing-room.

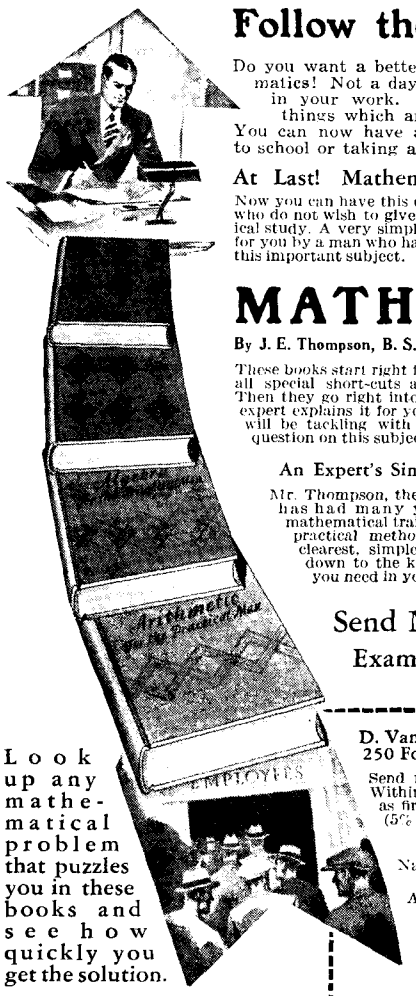
"I've never been able to afford a white elephant," she smiled, "and that's the only pet my simple, Christian heart has ever desired. The clothes in this play? We have, among the three of us, only three gowns—one apiece, I'm happy to say. Mine is an almond-green crêpe dinner gown with big, puff sleeves and a flower somewhere. A becoming and an enticing dress—the kind to sit around and be comfortable and alluring in."

A Dress with One Idea

The door between the two dressing-rooms opened. "Here's Jean Dixon. Before you take your dress off, Jean, show it to us."

"It's a dress with one idea," said Miss Dixon, modeling for us. "That's what I like about it. I can't bear dresses that show off. It's a perfect dinner gown for the woman who looks her best in black velvet. It isn't much to look at when separated from me—just a rag, and I'm the bone and the hank of hair. The point of the whole thing is the exposé of the upper arm. The long, tight sleeve comes down to the knuckles but it doesn't reach the shoulder by a good six inches. It's more like a long, wrinkled, black velvet mousquetaire glove than a sleeve. It even flares widely at the top like a musketeer's glove and is finished with a six-inch band of heavy silver metal which makes it swing and drape gracefully."

If you happen to be interested in clothes for the middle years which can still be blond and charming, you'll be interested in Violet Kemble Cooper in the Mad Hopes. Violet certainly knows her middle years! That exquisitely flowing, pink lace evening gown, for example, which matches her rosy flesh and is, without a single dissenting voice, the most voluptuously flattering thing a blonde on the wane can wear, and the black chiffon afternoon dress lined with flesh chiffon—worn with the pink picture hat! Mind you, I don't say they're smart as Chanel means smartness, but I do say that they are the most enticingly becoming things the woman of a certain age can possibly wear.



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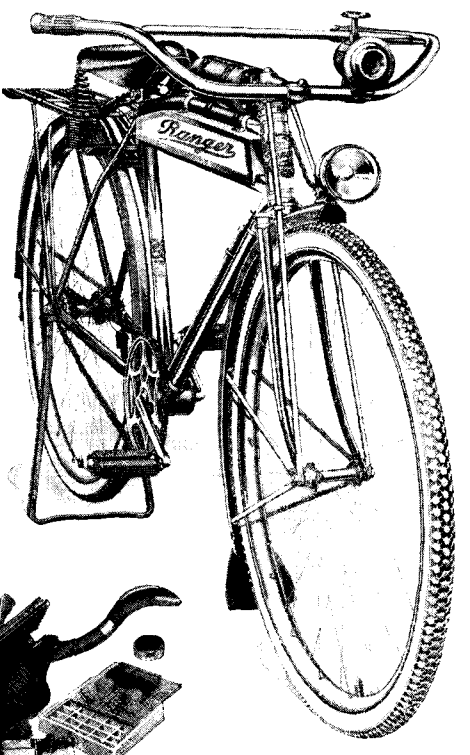

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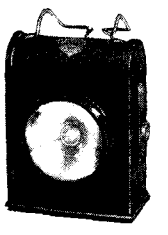

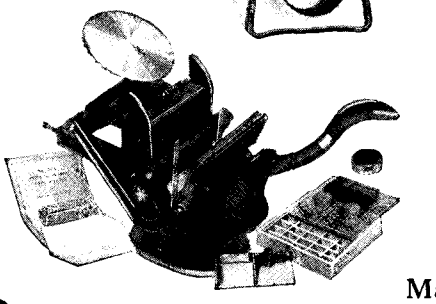

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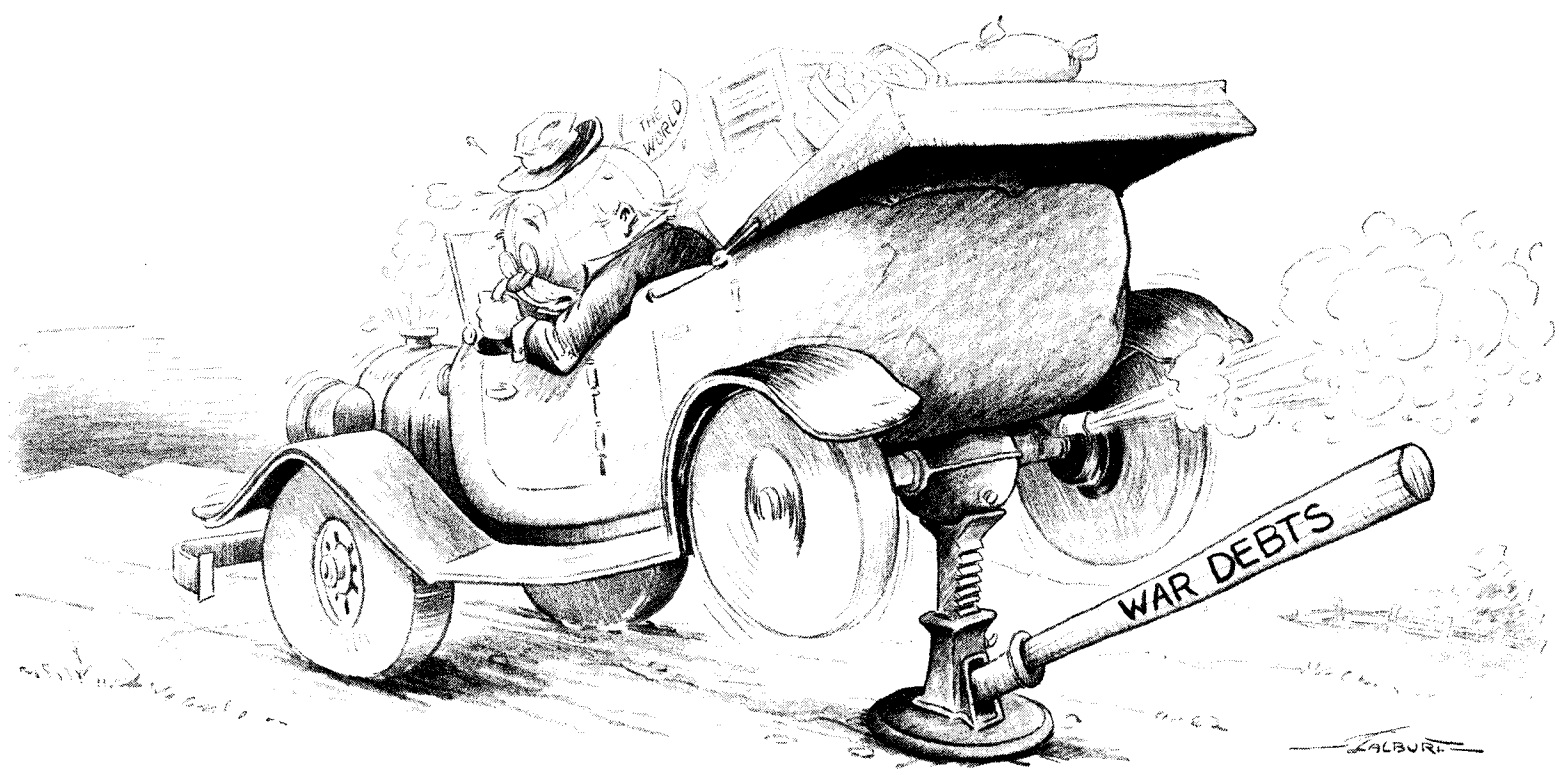

Our Capacity to Receive

THE one great barrier to immediate recovery is the unsettled war debts. Other matters are important but all depend upon the war debts. Get a final settlement of the overhanging international obligations and we shall have hastened and simplified the solution of all the difficulties.

Farm prices, unemployment relief, the home mortgage burden, the railroad troubles, slow retail business, bank weakness—everything you can mention awaits in one way or another an adjustment of the debts.

The matter is very simple although it has been confused by prejudice, partisanship and nationalistic feeling.

The unsettled war debts have destroyed a large part of the buying power of the entire trading world.

Because these debts are unsettled we have fewer jobs, our wages are less, our prices are lower. We have less trade.

The life of business is faith or credit. The war debts in their present state destroy faith in the future and prevent the use of credit. We must have faith to go forward.

The unsettled war debts have driven most of the nations of the world off the gold standard and shriveled the buying power of their money.

Great Britain tells the story. The British owe us more than can be paid in gold. The debt is payable in gold or the equivalent.

Consequently, Great Britain had to abandon payment in gold. Immediately we lost a large part of our British market. The American owners of a chain of British drug stores recently were not allowed to sell their stores to British buyers. Great Britain would not permit the price of the stores to be transferred. Her gold supply was too small.

This is but one of many similar episodes. Every American whose job or whose earnings or whose sales depend upon British buyers has suffered because of the loss in the buying power of the pound.

Nor has the trouble ended with Britain.

Our business relations have been intimate with the British dominions. When England went off the gold standard, immediately the currencies of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India and, to some extent, China were affected.

We depend upon the peoples of all these lands. When they can buy less we sell less. Our prices go down. More of us are unemployed. Profits are smaller. Banks call loans. The destruction of buying power is like a pebble thrown into a lake. In ever-widening circles the effects are felt and seen.

The British were driven off the gold standard because the debts they owe us are manifestly larger than they can pay in gold or in anything else we are willing to accept.

Thus we are in the unhappy position of insisting upon the payment of debts which we know cannot and will not be paid. Our unwillingness to revise the bargain has driven most of the world off the gold standard, injured credit everywhere, and immeasurably added to our own difficulties and problems.

It has taken a long time for the facts to seep through our consciousness but there is no longer much doubt in the mind of anyone willing to examine the facts and the record.

We shall improve our situation by consenting with the least possible delay to a revision of the debts based upon our war debtors' capacity to pay and upon our capacity to accept payment.

For our own sake we want arrangements which will permit our debtors to stabilize their money. We want normal trade in the world and we want our share of it.

Whether we agree or not, the war debts are not and cannot be paid on the schedules now nominated in the bond.

The French could have made their December payment and didn't. The British, it was said, couldn't make their payment and did. But that was the end.

No reasonable people are going to commit economic suicide. The British regard a continued effort to pay the sums at present scheduled as suicidal.

In other words, we won't get the money. We won't get it no matter how eager our debtors are to pay it. There isn't enough gold and we don't want their commodities.

The quicker we can settle these debts the better off we shall be.

Once they are settled, instantly the currencies of the world will be freed from pressure and money can be stabilized.

Obviously this will not necessitate cancellation, which is politically impossible, however desirable it might be from the standpoint of a farmer dependent on world prices for his crops.

Other effective measures are practicable. Interest rates can be reduced or eliminated. Payments on principal can be postponed until they can be made without disturbing the stability of currencies. The transfer devices worked out by the Dawes and the Young Commissions for reparations payments can be utilized. The whole matter can be treated practically as the German reparations were arranged at the Lausanne Conference.

The vital thing is swiftly to make agreements which will make currencies stable and give us and other nations an opportunity to repair our fortunes.

No measure of relief undertaken for any class of Americans is more certain to benefit us than a permanent settlement of these overhanging debts.

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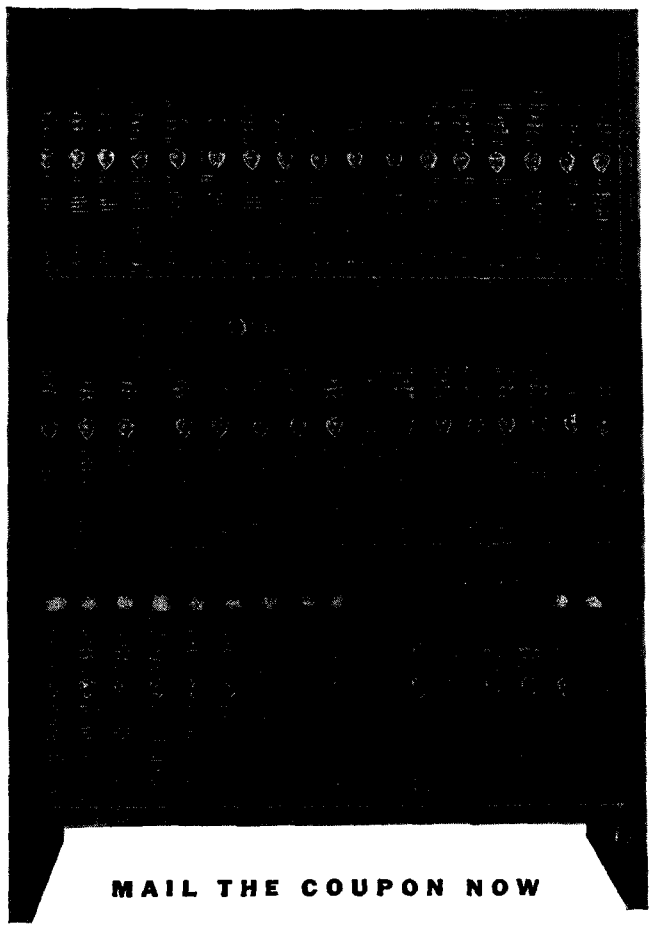

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